DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

In This Issue

VOLUME 152 JUNE 5, 1929 NUMBER 6

Looking Forward 203
Frontispiece: A Modern Pyramid 204

Articles

Mass Civilization and the Individual 205
By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Is Baseball Wobbling? . . . 208
By HERBERT REED

A Bunch of French Worries . 211
By T. R. YBARRA

Delaware Law and the Investor 212
By ABRAM S. HEWITT

Financial Article 222
Railroad Rates and Valuations
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

Beethoven: A Biography . . 223
Eighth Installment
By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

The Trend of Events

The Hoover Commission . . 214
A Look at the Record . . . 214
"Obscenity" at the Gates . . 214
House-Senate Spats . . . 215
"Behind That Curtain" . . . 215
Newspaper Ownership . . . 215
Railroad Valuation . . . 216
The Americanized Cinema . . 216
Air Exploits 217
Rocket Travel 217
No More Coupons 218
Edisoniana 218
Federal Probe Needed . . . 218
Our Share in Reparations . . 218
In Brief 219
The Week's Press Opinion . . 219
Back Stage in Washington . . 220

Editorial

Doctors or Robot Menders? . 221
By MORRIS FISHBEIN

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 228
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR AND E. M. BENSON

Religion's Voice 230
By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

The Theatre 234
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 235
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 236
By W. R. BROOKS

From the Life 237
By IBBY HALL

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY, Publisher-Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PARKHURST WHITNEY WALTER R. BROOKS ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS HAROLD T. PULSIFER FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
RICHARD E. DANIELSON STEWART BEACH CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON HELEN W. CHANDLER

ELIOTT ODELL, Advertising Manager
WILLIAM A. GREVERS, Circulation Manager

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, June 5, 1929. Volume 152, Number 6. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by The Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

SINCE THE BEGINNING of the race, the pessimist has always been completely absorbed in the search for security—security against flood, drouth and fire; against wild beasts; against famine; against the demons his imagination could conjure up.

EVEN IN THESE DAYS, many a man's life has been spent in the pursuit of this essentially unpractical ideal—building against all the dire possibilities of the future. Some men have even protected themselves from emotion, lest they be hurt by it in the future.

CONSIDERING THESE MEN and their ways, the optimist has always embraced the future, and looked forward to a new day wherein the future will completely outshine the past and every tomorrow will be nothing whatever like today, but instead will be much, much better.

AT PRESENT, these two schools of thought are either pointing with pride to the glorious American of tomorrow, or viewing gloomily, with alarm, that miserable individual's poor chance for happiness in the mass civilization which is threatening.

IT IS WHOLLY possible, of course, that this present century may witness Man's complete submission to his machines—and yet it may see, instead, his final emancipation from the drudgery of hard work and long hours into a real cultural civilization.

ONE THING is significant. Most men need only to become used to a thing to cease to consider it an end in itself; and to view it as a means to something else.

A MASS PRODUCTION world will probably prove to be no exception.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ewing Galloway

A MODERN PYRAMID

The Union Terminal Tower in Cleveland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook
and Independent
June 5, 1929

Mass Civilization and the Individual

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

The material benefits of mass production are obvious; what now begins to interest men in various walks of life are the social and spiritual implications. Mr. Paul D. Cravath, well-known corporation lawyer, sees a danger in the increase of unskilled machine tenders and the decrease in independent merchants and manufacturers. Mr. Josephson, biographer of Zola, speculates about that and other phenomena of the times

"I DREAD the day when all the people are piled, one upon the other, in the cities!"—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

One night in the Middle West, I bolted up from my sleeping-car pillow, roused by the yammer of automobile horns blazing with anger and menace. It was midnight; I lifted the curtain and saw that our train had stopped squarely in the middle of a busy Ohio town, and at that, was thrown right across Main Street. I saw a traffic policeman on his pedestal, with uplifted hand; also, the looming bulk of the Elks' Club, the glitter of cinema palaces, the beacon lights of office towers. And the pitiless eyes of a hundred automobiles penetrated the privacy of my bed-chamber, a mere pigeon-hole, in which one foolishly sought to sleep.

The automobiles were shrieking: "What do you mean, O Michigan Central, stopping right in the middle of Main Street? We are late. We must get home. Hurry. Move along!"

And our pachyderm of a machine might have replied: "I am tired and hot. I need some liquid refreshment myself. At any rate, a block signal down the tracks has stopped me here automatically. I couldn't move if I were crazy to go—"

The horns sang away in a louder octave. We of the train could no longer sleep. The people—of Sandusky, was it? Did I not see a sign: "Welcome to Sandusky: A night's ride from 60,000,000 people"?—could scarcely go on about their nocturnal affairs, whatever they were. It was a deadlock, the deadlock of machines which have ceased functioning. What was a human being to do, aside from losing his temper? Arise, cough up the coal dust that had settled in the throat, dress and walk out of the train to ramble down some unknown road, which led out to the snow-covered fields? Perhaps there would be some silent place, by the hedge, under a tree where, in such a moment of mechanical confusion and moderate disaster, it would be good to look at the ancient, natural stars and reflect upon the destiny of men.

LATER I fell asleep: hundreds of illuminated cities, marching crowds, factories, oil tanks, airplanes, skyscrapers, all jumbled themselves prodigiously in my brain, as I rode through the black belt of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Not many years ago the scene of my travels had been loud with civil strife. Class hatred flamed everywhere; bloody battles were staged in the streets of Chicago, in the grimy suburbs of Pittsburgh. The mounting squalor and misery of our cities caused passionate discussion of panaceas and social recipes. Leaders like James Russell Lowell, Horace Greeley, and Dana advocated Socialism as the only means of saving humanity from the horrors of industry, predicting even that it would soon be at hand. Others championed "smashing the trusts," Free Silver, or the Single Tax. It was Henry George who at this time wrote his inspired pages in "Progress and Poverty" picturing pauperism and slavery as overtaking the multitudes concomitantly with the march of industrial growth.

Now all this is changed. One notes with wonder how in these same regions of violence the "curse" of poverty is miraculously circumvented and the dark hours of industrialism seem definitely behind us. Everywhere the evidences were visible of a widely-distributed prosperity, of that remarkable dissemination of well-being among vast numbers of Americans for which we have lately begun to congratulate ourselves. When we observe how the condition of the man in the street is superior to that of kings and lords of recent centuries, how he uses instruments of pleasure or utility which would have aroused pious horror in an older day, when we recall how much more often through the ages man has been unhappy, naked, and hungry, and how strangely rare have been the periods of plenty,—then the present era begins to assume for us the unsuspected qualities of a millennium—a millennium of equality and physical comfort for masses such as only rebels and visionaries had ever dreamed of! Yet there is a dark side to this Ar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cadian picture. If I may become allegorical for a moment I would say that there is a monster, a Dragon in a cave, to whom the Arcadians must daily bring sacrifices in order to insure their heavily mortgaged bliss.

One caught glimpses of the Dragon everywhere; by the banks of the Monongahela in Pittsburgh I saw poisonous smoke snorting from his nostrils, red flame from the furnace of his jaws. You may see him in Gary, near Chicago; in Akron; in Newark; in Birmingham, Alabama; in Seattle. He has become monstrously big and strong; terribly armed, he must be given more and more to combat; and terribly hungry, he must be given more and more to consume. To the Dragon of mass industry must be brought the sacrifices of our personal freedom, of independence of thought and will; individual tendencies must give way to mass needs and activities. Already the naked eye can discern the shape of the collossal and magnificent machinery which labors at marvellous speed, and upon which hangs the life of the whole Nation.

THE ABANDONMENT of freedom is not necessarily to be viewed with grief or bitterness. Most men have probably never desired freedom; note how in the present moment of political progress throughout the world no party, whether Communist or Fascist, promises *liberty*. It is rather *equality* that the masses have longed for. Even eighty years ago the French thinker, Alexis de Tocqueville, visiting America, drew a precise distinction between equality and liberty.

"Democratic nations," he writes (in his "Democracy in America"), "show a more ardent and enduring love of equality than of liberty." This longing for equality is illustrated by the universal passion for physical betterment or well-being, instead of personal freedom. Long ago, foreigners like Tocqueville and Viscount Bryce noted how the passion for equality, for being as "well off" as one's neighbor, caused a thirst for the appurtenances of wealth and comfort, and made this physical well-being the *end in itself*.

Now, for example, that all men are mounted on wheels, each desires to move as swiftly as the most richly charioted citizen. Thus the cheapest four-cylinder motor is made capable of high speed; and along the roads of the country there is no sight more touching and revealing than that of the new flivvers darting ahead of heavy limousines at sixty-five miles an hour! All men may have the intoxication of speed.

It is clear, then that Americans have largely abandoned the inward consolations and liberties which Jefferson and certain other Fathers vainly sought for them. They seek only the "physical and sensual enjoyment" which the newer, grander refrigerator or automobile brings; and the leaders of industry understand this state of mind and whet its appetite. An industrial baron in a Western city showed me a statement which by Nation-wide propaganda he had virtually nailed into the brain of the American masses:

"It is our belief that the American public is desirous always of obtaining a finer product. . . . "The automobile measures, in a long way, the success of a family. Social standing, financial status, and general comfort are all involved. No wife wants to have to apologize for her husband's inability to buy a fine automobile, and no family wants to have its dignity shaken by riding in a bumpy car." Definition of dignity: something physical which must not be shaken.

The most graphic illustration of the new order, which every one may see, is the struggle for existence of the individual shopkeeper in our small towns, pitted against the chain-store combinations.

"Nothing to regret," we have been told by a five-and-ten-cent store magnate. "The old-fashioned store owner, was wasteful, high-priced, often even he earned so little that he was an involuntary philanthropist. . . . He can do better by joining our Nation-wide system, have less worry, and provide the public with more for their money."

THIS IS largely true. It is also typical of the whole technical and financial revolution now taking place, which causes Mr. Hoover to say that "American capitalism of today is a new and distinct thing in the world." It is true also that by means of mass production, high wages, high-pressure selling, popular credit, and stock ownership, the old conflicts of interest between employer and worker, consumer and producer have been removed. But of the drastic effects of the new order on the individual human being, little has been said; that, for instance, in the great majority of cases the change means the passing of democracy or independence as the small business man becomes willy-nilly a part of the new régime; that from now on the great majority of men must become less individual, observing the strict rules of the system which they have passively accepted; that supreme social power has shifted from the hands of the political leaders, popularly elected, to those of the financial leaders; and, finally, that these men, enjoying immense power, must bear also a most dreadful responsibility toward the masses who depend upon them.

THESE ISSUES and other human issues related to them which concerned me deeply I tried to lay before certain of the barons who play a leading part in the new order. The head of one of the great chain systems admitted to me:

"Yes, we are coming to an era of less unrestrained competition. I believe it will be a good thing. But I do not see monopoly coming. If there are four or five great competitors in a given field the competition is no less intense. . .

"As to the growth of great corporations, if my company is any criterion, then their existence is a good thing, too. Our people leave here rich men!

"The human effects of all this? Standardization? Crime? Divorce? But I know nothing about that. I am a layman. It is for the economist and the sociologist to decide."

The man who spoke these words, evasive as so many others of his type, may have been disturbed and bewildered himself, and desired not to reveal his uncertainty. Yet in the West his name is a synonym for humanity.

In all such cases where I approached leaders of capital and questioned them as to the effects of the new "institutionalism," whereby the vast majority of Americans would soon be working for a few great, and it is hoped, benevolent corporations, the reply was a shrug of the shoulders, blankness, evasion; or at the most, an offer to acquaint me with the latest charitable foundation endowed by the capitalist.

Later I met a sage, a philosopher at a great university, and confided my misgivings to him.

"I sincerely admire these men," I said to him. "I admire their brilliant constructive achievements, their immense confidence and power. In a crisis, tomorrow, war or revolution, the people would have to set these men to work for them. But I deeply resent their avoidance of social responsibility

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the masses whose total lives hang on their leadership."

"THE BARONS," said the sage, "are secretly willing to accept the responsibility for the sake of the power gained. They speak in old-fashioned terms, but if they insist on bringing to their new power the old vices of heredity, caste, and indifference to human issues and social dislocations, I dread the outcome."

It is timely to speculate here on the mentality of the new barons who seem to have taken the place of the old-fashioned political artists and who will be collaborating with Mr. Hoover in the forward march of prosperity.

For one thing, there will be less pedigree about them, less of the royal majesty attached to second or third generation representatives of sausage or counting-house fortunes. Men who have been successful at managing vast collective enterprises, above all men who have created new industries, used new inventions, shown the utmost financial initiative, are the type who will lead Prosperity against all enemies. Most likely counsel will be derived from persons of the stamp of Mr. Julius Rosenwald, once the son of poor immigrants and now the mightiest mail-order baron in Chicago. Such a man takes pride in the contentment of his army of workers. He is prone to giving away millions for education and mass hygiene. A great European capitalist would retain ill-paid, disgruntled labor. Any increase in profits (even from superior machines or efficiency) he would guard for himself and use, in part, for a pleasure trip to Monte Carlo in frivolous company. I doubt that a Mr. Rosenwald or a Mr. Ford would ever gamble at a Casino, or hold great wassail.

In the America that the new leaders envision, airplanes, television boxes, realty developments, and battleships will multiply. "Turnover" will be speeded up still further; mass buying will increase. They would like to merge big railroads into bigger ones, big banks into bigger banks. They would like taxes to stay low, tariffs high, and Government to keep its hands off business and the stock market. And yet as the power of big business over the multitudes becomes complete, the nearer and the more urgent becomes Government intervention and control, even if only a friendly control.

As the home markets approach closer to the saturation point, our great industrial units must look more and more to foreign trade as the outlet for their surplus production. For this reason the new leadership would like to see us lending more billions to foreign nations; for gold is the tonic which produces export orders. And to play this game, to encompass these vast designs which will surely augment still further American prosperity, big business tacitly welcomes the new naval program. For on the high seas the new battleships by their mere existence will guarantee that the foreign business of tomorrow is properly and efficiently transacted.

THE SKYSCRAPERS springing up everywhere in the Middle West have become symbols to me. They suggest the Egyptian character of our new mass civilization. Armies labored in great hordes to build the pyramids; but the individuals in these armies knew only their immediate places and tasks, lacking completely the sense of the whole. A few of the "best minds" possessed this; but they became technologists, advisors, or publicity agents and kept their secret. And more and more, the men of power took to dwelling high up in the great pyramids, whence they conducted their Olympian operations.

This fantastic notion came over me when, descending in Cleveland, I saw the beautiful Union Terminal Tower in the center of the city. Skilfully composed of themes from various epochs and styles, it is a thing of loveliness and leaps gracefully to its peak, forty-two stories high, from a broad, pyramidal base. This tower should be the abode of a princely ruler; it is actually that of two, M. J. and O. P. Van Sweringen, whose quarters are in its uppermost stories and who, pacing its lofty battlements, may look proudly down on their lordly possessions in surrounding Cleveland. I saw M. J. Van Sweringen for a few moments—a "stormy petrel" of the railroad world—and seeing him was greatly reassured. He was an extremely prepossessing man of not much over forty, whose face suggested much energy and much intelligence. Although the history of these new giants reads much like a Horatio Alger tale, their many enterprises show a really constructive temper.

From these high windows one could view their most interesting creation some miles away: the splendid Shaker Heights development containing handsome residences, gardens, golf links, and tree-bordered pools, where prosperous Clevelanders live communally amid surroundings of a modern comfort and refinement unrivaled throughout the world.

Much as the Medicis of old Florence retained their Leonardos, so the great *condottierre* of finance engages distinguished counsellors and technologists to aid him. In Cleveland there is a "Leonardo" of economics: Colonel Leonard Ayres. This accomplished scientist whose edicts and prophecies, right or wrong, are listened to by millions of speculators throughout the land, occupies with his staff the whole of the thirty-seventh floor. His charts, tickers, measuring instruments fill all the rooms and walls. All the news of the day, all the slightest vibrations of world markets are instantly wafted to him in his tower. Here he sits brooding or pondering over the signs and meanings of all the daily events in the turbullent ocean of industry.

PRECISELY at the moment I saw him, when the great bull market hesitated upon its highest levels and knew not which way to turn, a thick fog suddenly slipped in from the lakes and hung over the city.

The wizard looked far away and said, "The visibility is very low. . . . Everything depends upon credit. If credit is overstrained, then business will suffer. Building construction will slow up a little, then the other trades will follow, and the stock market will feel this. . . ."

A certain chilly gloom in Colonel Ayres's words was justified some weeks later by subsequent events in the stock exchanges. Thinking back on his prophetic words I am filled with admiration and remain convinced that he possesses in his own field at least that sense of the whole which, broadly extended in many other directions, might cope with the complexities of the machine age. In Colonel Ayres, who is a man of learning, urbanity, and of many-sided interests, I saw above all the enlightened technologist at work in industry.

All our halls of learning are busy nowadays producing technologists, experts, specialists, publicity agents. The part that these men play in great institutions is often considerable, but at times it is not a happy one. It is said that the ability to forge ahead in these modern combines depends less on personal initiative than on "fitting into a

(Please Turn to Page 227)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is Baseball Wobbling?

By HERBERT REED

(Right Wing)

In the last decade baseball has had to compete with a constantly growing number of rivals. The title of "national game" still clings to it, but despite the ballyhoo of an indulgent press it no longer merits the qualifying adjective

SUCH a question asked twenty-five years ago would have subjected the propounder to jeers at the very least, and possibly bodily injury. Today it can be calmly asked and answered even by those who maintain that the so-called national game is now at its very highest tide. Even the most rabid baseball fanatic will admit that the game is facing serious competition at the hands of other sports. There are many reasons for this that may be stated without actually knocking the game, although as far as the writer is concerned it seems dull and uninteresting, and this latter statement is made in the face of the fact that he served his time as a baseball reporter.

Just how long the professional game would last—and it is essentially professional in spirit even when played by amateurs—without publicity no one will ever know, for the game will go on in the public prints as well as on the field. Thus it is a show as well as a game. Old timers who really loved the game for its own sake are not too enthusiastic over recent developments which have greatly crippled the defense that was so important in their day. They will admit that it has become a game for the mob, a show, and at times a circus.

Here is a sample of just how heavily the game leans on publicity. A few years ago there was a newspaper strike in New York. In the small sheet that was jointly issued for a few days by the combined newspaper publishers there was little room for sport. This strike came in the middle of what the baseball writers are wont to call a crucial series. The owners of the park where the series was played estimate that the lack of publicity cost them at the least 25,000 in attendance. And they are expert estimators.

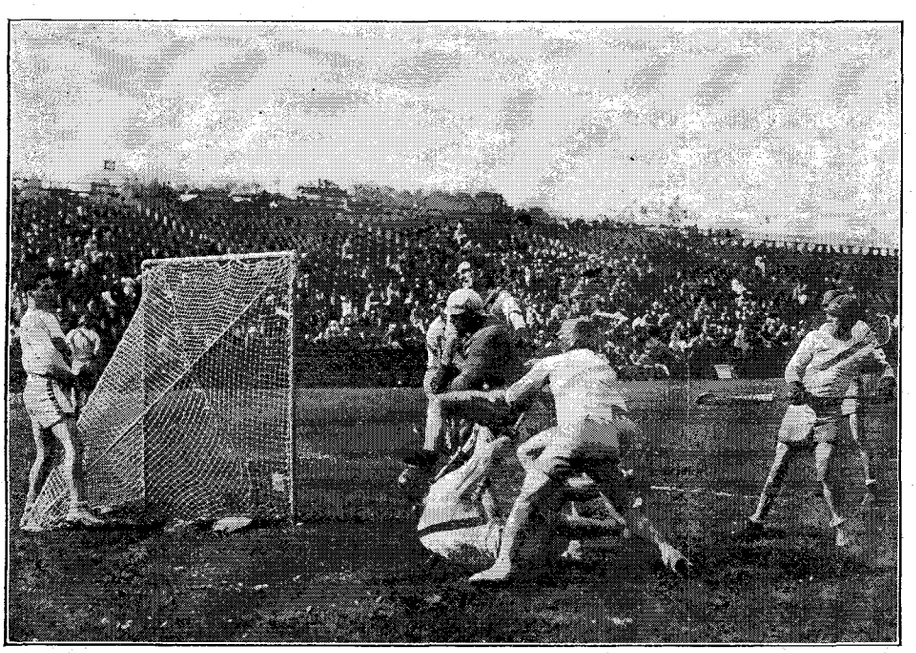
It is safe to say that the game was really slipping just before the advent of the lively ball and the consequent battering of the fences. Interest in the "inside" features of play was waning, and it is and was a fact that there are other games which will provide more real action in fifteen minutes than in the customary two hours of baseball. So today the crowd goes to see not so much a game of baseball as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Rogers Hornsby, and their fellow sluggers. The publicity is theirs. Yet even after the advent of Ruth and his mates the game was getting the hottest sort of competition. Even actors who used to frequent the games in the interest of their own personal publicity began to desert. Which was an infallible sign.

The game dropped away notably in the colleges, which were feeders for the big league clubs. The younger collegians began to take to tennis, to golf, to track and field athletics, and to rowing in increasing numbers. Football had always been a stalwart, and in one way was a serious competitor in that it financed the building of courts, the furnishing of other equipment, and so provided the sinews of the battle against the old standby.

PUBLICITY began to come to the help of the lesser rivals. Tennis was perhaps the first to profit, for which we have to thank Dr. Sumner Hardy of San Francisco, who enticed the fiery Maurice McLoughlin away from the ball field and set his feet on the public courts of Golden Gate Park while still in knee-breeches. Tennis always had been a sound and substantial game, but it suddenly took fire from "Red" and his associates, so that today the Davis Cup with its international feature—a feature impossible to baseball—is perhaps the greatest sports trophy in the world.

With the spread of the other games there naturally enough grew up a group of expert and entertaining writers who gave us vivid pen pictures of these hitherto unheralded sports. Grantland Rice was wont to say, "You cannot dramatize golf," whereupon he proceeded to do it. And there were many others. Now we have a regular wave of basket-ball, a game that reeks with situations, and the latest bidder for public favor is lacrosse which, at one time confined to the smaller colleges, has spread even to the schools. This game is being fostered by football, too, for most of the football coaches advise their fast backs to take up the game in order to keep up their speed, and because there is just the right kind of bodily contact to keep them shifty.

Basket-ball was a purely manufactured game, invented by Dr. McCurdy



Underwood

WHERE INDIVIDUAL AND TEAM WORK BOTH REACH THEIR PEAK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and fostered by the Y. M. C. A., but it caught on at once. It had the great advantage of being a court game that could be played under a roof. In many schools, especially in the Middle West, it has driven baseball out of existence. Publicity followed promptly. A further aid in the Middle West was the building of play halls in towns and small cities. One game of basket-ball could be played in the afternoon and another in the evening. And basket-ball, in its professional phase, has in many sections its heroes no less renowned than Ruth and Gehrig; and no less well paid, since it can be played every day in the year.

At the risk of being called a snob permit me to say that baseball never was looked upon as having any cultural value. Indeed it was too frequently the outlet, and a perfect one, for the natural rowdyism that is in all of us and which most of us like to suppress. Both golf and tennis were games of generous sportsmanship. Football is on the same plane today. In these sports there is no place for the

Underwood

BABE RUTH

"mucker." Basket-ball, which is rough but clean most of the time, drew heavily upon the natural candidates for baseball—to put it baldly, the proletariat. And golf drew upon the proletariat for another reason. A poor boy could earn money after school hours by acting as caddy, and he could also learn a game in which there was a professional future for several decades rather than the single decade that is the public life of the average baseball player.

Golf and tennis are strictly social, if not society, games. The professionals in both are welcome in any clubhouse in the land. Practically every attempt to keep baseball as a social game and an amateur game has been a failure. The big athletic clubs of course, have their teams, but these are made up almost solely of college stars and are simply continuations of the college game.

An excellent reason why the modern youngster is turning to other games—and it reflects credit upon this much-discussed younger generation—is that any game of bounds is inherently more crammed with unforeseen situations than any game of fixed positions, such as baseball. In the games of bounds, tennis, football, soccer, handball, especially the four-wall brand, squash, racquets, polo, basket-ball, hand tennis, another coming game, and the like the possibilities of new situations requiring instant decisions are inexhaustible. How many decisions are possible to Babe Ruth when he steps to bat? He can decide which is the best ball offered him to hit. He can decide how hard he will hit it. Further decision and further control are out of his power. In the field any fielder can decide in advance what he will do with the ball when it comes to him, unless it is decided for him by the actions of the base runners. But there are very few things that they can do to influence his decision. Baseball also is the only game I know of played with stick and ball in which the wielder of the stick has no control, except in a very general sense, over the direction in which he is to send the ball. Compare the situation of the batsman with that of a football quarterback, for instance, or a lacrosse player going down the field full tilt carrying the ball in the angle of his crosse. No, the duties and problems of the baseball player are childishly simple, and it is small wonder that he spends most of his time knocking the dirt from his spikes, or pulling down his cap, and in the field, spitting on his glove or picking up and throwing away pebbles.

Now let us see what a lively and aggressive player like Frankie Frisch gets out of his two hours in the sun. For fifteen minutes of preliminary practice the infield completes a great many imaginary double plays. This is good exercise and good fun, more exercise and better fun than he will get all the rest of the afternoon. Now

Underwood

LOU GEHRIG

the game. The box score shows that he made eight plays, five assists and three put-outs. He went to bat five times, and failing to get a hit, had no chance to run bases. Remember that for one hour of the two he sat on the bench. If that isn't a dull afternoon's sport I don't know what is. And it looks as if that is what the younger generation is beginning to think. Even at golf he would have hit the ball (controlling its movements) let us say eighty times, and would have walked about four miles. And he would have had to use his brains all the time. I dare not guess at how much ground he would have had to cover in a game of lacrosse. At polo he would have ridden at least thirty short-distance horse races. In tennis he probably would have participated in at least two plays a minute, and in any of the other court games many more than that. In baseball the pitcher and catcher are the only men who have really earned their showers. Is it any wonder that so fast, accurate and beautiful a game as lacrosse has made such a hit at Harvard that this spring more men turned out for it than for any major sports team? Is it any wonder that at Har-

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vard there is an agitation to place the so-called minor sports on a parity with the so-called major sports?

Let us see now if baseball is really even a sport. (I am still thinking along the lines of the younger generation.) It cannot be played without at least one umpire. Yet the catcher is in even a better position to call balls and strikes. The pitcher could easily make the decisions on the bases. But they cannot be trusted. It is true that football requires four officials, but there is no player on the field who can see everything that goes on. Handball tennis, golf, squash, racquets, and other players can run a quite satisfactory game without any officials. It is perhaps significant that in indoor games the official has the simple title "marker." In baseball there is a constant temptation to "dirty" play; that the college men play as clean ball as they do is greatly to their credit. The batter must if possible spoil the catcher's throw to second. Bases could be stolen and have been stolen quite as well by going in head first, but in that way the runner could not lay indisputable claim to his right to the base path by flinging himself at the bag spikes first. I go no further than this.

In the long period in which the colleges were fighting the evil called summer baseball there were other arguments against it besides professionalism. It was generally found that when the summer adjourner with professional players returned to college he brought back the "mucker" tricks of the professional.

There have been very fine sportsmen in amateur baseball; the late Jack Highlands of Harvard; Walter C. (Dutch) Carter of Yale; Case, Reddington, Barnwell, Tad Jones, almost among the Elis; Wigging and Currier of Harvard; the famous left-handed Asa Priest of Cornell; Christy Matthewson of course, of Bucknell and the Giants; Altman and Kafer of Princeton; Art Hillebrand of the same institution; Dave Fultz of Brown and the then Highlanders; Glaze of Dartmouth; Bobby Watt of Columbia; and too many stars from the Catholic colleges to mention; but there is a feeling that they were the sportsmen they were, not because of but in spite of the game of baseball. Technically it takes very little brains to play it, and hardly any at all to watch it. I talked to a modern fan the other day. He had just seen four home runs in one game, and that was all the day meant to him.

Since the forward pass was put into football it is quite as common to see youngsters in the parks and the few lots still vacant passing a football around like a baseball. And remember that the most difficult fly an outfielder in baseball can go after is a simple matter compared with a high-kicked spinning football riding a November gale, with almost an entire team thundering down with the sole idea of hurling that catcher to the sod as quickly and as hard as possible.

Baseball is a "mean" game. It puts a premium on "rattling" the player, and it also advertises itself on the opening day by asking a mayor or a governor, or sometimes even a President, to throw out the first ball. It is a game in which there is more talking than anything else culminating in that most inane, vulgar, and inexpressibly annoying battle cry: "Attaboy!" In addition to all this, it must carry its comedians, so-called. If there ever was anything approaching real humor in anything ever said or done by Nick Altrock or Al Schacht I have yet to hear it.

There have been and are capable humorists from whose writings on baseball one may derive a great deal of pleasure, more pleasure, indeed, than from watching the game. Charles Dryden, C. E. Van Loan, Ring Lardner, and in the old days O. P. Caylor—we've all read them or heard of them. And it is curious that to all these men the game itself appealed only as a Gargantuan joke. W. B. Hanna is serious, but whimsical, Bill McGeehan constantly refers to the players as "ivory;" in other words the majority opinion seems to be one of derision; that one may be a first-class baseball player and remain a boob. In my own opinion the peak of baseball writing was reached years ago by a chap named Washburn of the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," who wrote of the famous Kelley, at the time that personage was threatening to kill the umpire: "His eyes were like twin violets in a bucket of blood."

No, the younger generation is not inclined to take baseball without examination simply because it has been press-agented by their forefathers into the position of the "national game." The position, for instance, of right fielders, who may never touch a ball throughout the afternoon, does not appeal. There is nothing appealing in the structure, ethics, or conduct of the game and they care not a fig for its past prestige. Perhaps one of the best angles on the point of view is to be gained from a report by Martin W. Sampson, professor of English literature at Cornell University since 1908, who has therefore seen the burgeoning of the younger generation. He says in part:

> Let me state honestly some of the manifestations of the present day Cornell student in comparison with his predecessor of fifteen or twenty years ago. By and large the present day student reads more, writes more, thinks more inde-

(Please Turn to Page 238)

Underwood

ROGERS HORNSBY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bunch of French Worries

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

WHEN the Cocktail was banished from America it came to Europe. The real American Cocktail, I mean—not its degenerate successor, concocted from synthetic mysteries in defiance of the law, which still irrigates and poisons Americans of the Prohibition Era. Over here in Europe, the Genuine American Cocktail of pre-Prohibition days flourishes in a glory brighter than ever before—so much so indeed that it is causing acute worry among the conservatives of France.

They say that cocktail drinking is ruining the youth of this country. In lugubrious accents, they shout from the housetops that, saturated with cocktails, the new generation is losing its taste for the grand old wines on which their fathers were raised, which have ever been the delight of connoisseurs the world over. With wailing and gnashing of teeth they declare that, even if the French youth of the present day, shamed for a moment into shunning cocktails, should turn to the grand old wines, they have got their palates into such awful shape from steady consumption of horrid American-mixed beverages that they are incapable of enjoying Burgundy or Bordeaux, of savoring its fine points, of appreciating its exquisite qualities!

Sociological snoopers have been investigating so-called "teas" given by French hostesses and reporting on what they have found in their explorations. All of them are agreed upon one thing: at these teas the one beverage not served is tea. At most of them, moreover, cocktails are the staple drink; not one or maybe two cocktails for each guest, but trayfuls of cocktails passed around until heads swim and tongues wag and feet reel in drunkenness!

Chroniclers of such things are not all mere professional pessimists, such as find fault with everything modern. Among them are several medical authorities, armed with evidence obtained from observing their patients. One doctor, lecturing before the Paris Academy of Medicine the other day, told his auditors of a great increase in the consumption of alcohol among the upper classes in France—due largely to the vogue of *le cocktail*.

"À bas le Cocktail!" shout these champions of Yesterday against the inroads of Today. Nevertheless, a new "American Bar" seems to spring up every day and the list of "American Cocktails" lengthens daily.

ANOTHER SOURCE of worry in France is the increase in juvenile crime. The newspapers are constantly reporting cases of boys of scant years who rob and even murder for no deeper purpose than "having a good time." A reason typical of our era, growl the pessimists—an excuse quite worthy of a land where cocktails are drunk in preference to French wine!

Once more, as in the case of the cocktail, America comes in for part of the blame. Moving pictures, it is argued, are largely responsible for the state of affairs, and the bulk of the moving pictures shown in France come, of course, from America, within whose borders lies horrid Hollywood. Again, as in the anti-cocktail campaign, doctors are entering the lists with alarming tales drawn from their practice. One insists that the only way to remedy matters is to admit children only to moving pictures expressly designed for them, and, moreover, to forbid them to be in any theatre after nine o'clock at night. He would also attack drinking and smoking among the very young—this in France, the land of personal liberty!

One striking theory advanced to account for increased juvenile delinquency is that it is due partly to the law requiring French parents to divide their property equally among their children. As fathers object to such subdivision, there is a strong tendency among them to limit their families to one child. Now an only child, say certain pessimistic French students of present-day conditions, is likely to be petted and spoiled, to get whatever it wants provided it kicks up a big enough fuss. But when, having grown up, it goes out into the great, cruel world, and finds that things are not as they were at home, that people have not the slightest inclination to do what spoiled brats demand, and merely laugh at the tantrums which proved so efficacious at home, for getting them what they wanted, such a spoiled brat is likely to resort to violence—hence the increase in juvenile crime. An ingenious theory!—and an additional argument in favor of revision of the French law relating to inheritances which, because of its tendency to favor small families, is already the target of a severe bombardment from those who want to see an increase in the French birth rate.

TURNING from cocktails and boy bandits to the realm of art, one encounters squads of pessimists sitting tearfully in front of Montparnasse cafés, and wailing: "Didn't we tell you that the Muse of Art would abandon Montparnasse and perch somewhere else? Didn't we tell you so? Well, we were right! Listen to this!"

Whipping a paper from their pockets, they read you the news of how the "Company of Professional Painters and Sculptors" has made good at last its numerous threats of packing up its *Lares* and *Penates* and migrating from Montparnasse to the region around the Porte d'Italie, untouched hitherto by art. There, in a café especially consecrated to the Muses, these professional painters and sculptors are meeting nightly, to hold interminable discussions amid impenetrable clouds of smoke—exactly as they used to do in Montparnasse!

This little catalogue of the latest crop of French worries is not complete without a word on bull-fighting.

It is spreading in France. It is marching steadily northward! Confined for many years to towns in the extreme south, those closest to Spain, the home of the toreador, the dreadful Spanish sport now threatens to debauch the center of France. Already you may see a *corrida* at Bourges—and at Nevers!—nay, even Vichy! Already posters extolling famous Spanish matadors are flaunted in these towns—one actually urging that "Women and children should witness this unforgettable spectacle!"

"Bull-fights will make the French of the next generation callous and cruel!" warns one writer. "Worse than that—it will turn them into Bolsheviki!"

Such pessimists should reflect that, with bull-fighting on the wane in Spain, there is little danger of its taking firmer root in France. And yet—did not the cocktail bloom in France after it was uprooted in America?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delaware Law and the Investor

By ABRAM S. HEWITT

Recent amendments to its corporation law make Delaware more indulgent than ever to corporate management. So long as that management is scrupulous the investor has little to fear. The real risk lies in the attractive nature of the amendments to shady promoters. The author is a research assistant in corporation law at Columbia University

"OF DELAWARE" is a familiar suffix to the names of many large corporations whose working headquarters are in New York City or elsewhere. One hundred and thirty-nine of the 435 industrial corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange hail from Delaware. This number has come into being almost entirely since 1912, when the movement for flexible corporation laws began. Even to the uninitiated it must be apparent that these corporations are domiciled in Delaware because the laws of that State are the most lenient to the management. The most conscientious concerns have a natural desire to wear as few legal fetters as possible.

The amendments of March 22, 1929, to the Corporation Law of Delaware make that State an even more indulgent home and undoubtedly will attract an even greater proportion of corporate residents in the near future. Without questioning for a minute the fact that standards of big business are today higher than ever, the average investor nevertheless may well feel that certain of these new amendments deprive him of some safeguards which he might reasonably expect.

The authors of the amendments are New York corporation lawyers, whose most important and most remunerative clients are the investment banking houses. Presumably, the new laws suit the interests of these houses. Unquestionably the bankers should have had some voice in framing the amendments but the investor and the public might feel a little more comfortable if they, through a competent committee, had been given their say too. Officials of perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred Delaware corporations will treat stockholders with complete fairness, but it does seem as if some of the amendments were made to order for unscrupulous directors.

The amendments in which we are interested give disturbingly broad powers to the management to alter the financial and corporate structure to suit its taste, without having to consult the stockholders as a body, as they did formerly. The New York Stock Exchange and other important financial powers recently have been trying to increase the power of the stockholders. These amendments weaken it.

For example, part of Section 14 now reads:

> Subject to any provisions in respect thereof set forth in the Certificate of Incorporation every corporation shall have power to create and issue, whether or not in connection with the issue and sale of any shares of stock or other securities of the corporation, rights or options entitling the holders thereof to purchase from the corporation any shares of its capital stock of any class or classes, such rights or options to be evidenced by or in such instrument or instruments as shall be approved by the Board of Directors. The terms upon which, the time or times, which may be *limited or unlimited in duration* at or within which, and *the price or prices at which any such shares may be purchased* from the corporation upon the exercise of any such right or option shall be such as shall be fixed and stated in the Certificate of Incorporation or in any amendment therto, *or in a resolution or resolutions adopted by the Board of Directors.*

In other words, directors may issue permanent options to whomever they like, to buy stock to the full amount authorized but as yet unissued, at any price they choose to name. How valuable these options may be to the option holders and how expensive they may be to the stockholders can be illustrated by a hypothetical case not far removed from recent actual promotions.

SUPPOSE one hundred thousand shares of no par common stock have been sold for $100 per share. After this stock has been distributed to the public, the directors distribute to their nominees permanent options to buy 900,000 authorized but unissued shares at $100 per share. The company then meets with great success, with the result that its issued stock is worth $1,000 per share. The directors' nominees then exercise their options, paying for the new stock $90,000,000. Before this transaction the outstanding stock is worth $100,000,000 and each outstanding share is worth $1,000. After it, the total outstanding issue is worth $190,000,000 and each share is worth $190. The option holders make a profit of $90 per share and the original stockholders who took all the risk up to that time lose $810 per share. Nothing in the amendment requires anything to be paid for such options, and any nominal amount would make the contract valid unless it could be shown to be fraudulent.

The effect of this amendment, if the directors choose so to use their power, is to put the contributing stockholders' share in the corporation almost completely at the mercy of the directors' whim. And there is no requirement that these options be a matter of public record. If the investor knows about them at all, it is by pure grace of the bankers and the corporation.

LET US LOOK at Section 13 as amended. It provides that new stock of any class or special class may be issued under resolution of the board of directors. This may be done, whether the Certificate of Incorporation provides for and defines such an issue or not, so long as it confers such power on the board of directors.

> Any preferred or special stock of any class or of any series thereof may be made convertible into, or exchangeable for shares of any other class or classes of stock of the corporation at such price or prices or at such rates of exchange and with such adjustments as shall be stated and expressed or provided for in the Certificate of Incorporation, or in any amendment thereto, or in the resolution or resolutions providing for the issue of such stocks adopted by the Board of Directors as hereinabove provide. . . . Unless otherwise provided in any such resolution or resolutions, the number of shares of stock of any such class or series so set forth in such resolution or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resolutions may be increased or decreased (but not below the number or shares thereof then outstanding) by a certificate likewise made, signed, filed and recorded setting forth a statement that a specified increase or decrease therein had been authorized and directed by a resolution or resolutions likewise adopted by the Board of Directors; and in case the number of such shares shall be so decreased, the number of shares so specified in such certificate shall resume the status which they had prior to the adoption of the first resolution or resolutions.

This provision virtually gives the board of directors power to reclassify the privileges of the various preferred and common stocks of a corporation.

SUPPOSE a company with a preferred issue of 100,000 8 per cent cumulative shares, 250,000 shares of no par common stock, and an unscrupulous board of directors. Profits are declining. The directors expect the depression to be temporary but seek to take advantage of the situation in the following way: to themselves or their nominees they issue 50,000 shares of second preferred 6 per cent non-cumulative stock, making it convertible into first preferred stock, share for share, and convertible into common stock in the ratio of five shares of common for one share of preferred. If business grows worse the second preferred shareholders can convert their stock into first preferred and take advantage of the additional security afforded in its preference as to assets on dissolution and of its cumulative dividend provisions. As no one is cheerful about putting money into a sinking ship, this privilege may not seem very valuable; but it is worth something. Assuming, for instance, that the assets are sufficient only to pay the full amount due to the old first preferred holders, upon dissolution, and no more—it follows that when the 50,000 shares of second preferred are converted into 50,000 shares of first preferred, the old first preferred stockholders will get only 66 2/3 cents on the dollar, in dissolution. While without the conversion they would have got their rightful 100 cents.

If the company prospers and the common stock becomes valuable, they can convert their 50,000 shares of second preferred into 250,000 shares of common, thereby owning one half of the total common stock outstanding. By this simple operation the value of the original common stock is reduced almost one half.

SO LONG AS there is no fraud, the stockholder no longer has anything to say about changes in the relative position of his securities. He is powerless to prevent the dilution of important privileges which he purchased with his stock. He can buy neither for security nor for long-term appreciation with a fair chance of obtaining whichever may be more desirable. The cards are stacked against him, however the game goes.

Another amendment which may have far-reaching results amounts to the adoption of an English rule as to dividends which has not hitherto prevailed in the vast majority of American States. Section 34 now reads:

> The directors of every corporation created under this Chapter, subject to any restrictions contained in its Certificate of Incorporation, shall have power to declare and pay dividends upon the shares of its capital stock either (a) out of its net assets in excess of its capital as computed in accordance with the provisions of Sections 14, 26, 27 and 28 of this Chapter or (b), *in case there shall be no such excess, out of its net profits for the fiscal year then current and or the preceding fiscal year;* provided, however, that if the capital of the corporation computed as aforesaid shall have been diminished by depreciation in the value of its property, or by losses, or otherwise, to an amount less than the aggregate amount of the capital represented by the issued and outstanding stock of all classes having a preference upon the distribution of assets, the directors of such corporation shall not declare and pay out of such net profits any dividends upon any shares of any classes of its capital stock until the deficiency in the amount of the capital represented by the issued and outstanding stock of all classes having a preference upon the distribution of assets shall have been repaired.

Investors and even perhaps the creditors, though the latter are more wary and better informed, may be badly misled. The man in the street—if he thinks at all—believes that dividends are payable only out of surplus in excess of capital. With Section 34 operative, however, dividends to the full extent of earnings can be paid when there are net earnings. And, if there is no preferred stock, there is no limitation barring dividend payments, beyond the necessity of showing net earnings in the current or preceding fiscal year.

Another illustration:

A $100,000,000 stock issue has been bought by the public in 1929. There is only one class of stock. During the following twenty years the corporation loses money every year so that at the end of that time the net assets are worth only $20,000,000. The following year some fortunate accident gives the corporation a profit of $10,000,000. The directors think it is extremely unlikely that the corporation will earn anything in the future. They nevertheless vote to declare the whole $10,000,000 as a dividend. Almost inevitably it will create a flurry in the price of the stock and attract heavy buying. This action will give an extremely false impression of the company's prospects. The board of directors might explain that they expected the earnings to be non-recurring but even if they did, many investors would not see the explanation and disregard the warning.

An even more serious possibility of abuse lies in a provision of Section 14. It reads:

> If the Board of Directors shall not have determined (a) at the time of issue of any shares of the capital stock of the corporation issued for cash or (b) *within sixty days after the issue* of any shares of the capital stock of the corporation issued for property other than cash what part of the consideration for such shares shall be capital, the capital of the corporation in respect of shares shall be an equal amount to the aggregate par value of such shares having a par value, plus the amount of the consideration of such shares without par value.

MOST INVESTORS in a new corporation naïvely think the money they contribute will necessarily serve as capital. Under these provisions, however, the amount of such contribution which is to be capital, and the amount which is to be paid-in surplus can be determined by the directors within sixty days after the money has been paid in. For example, let us take an investor who is

(Please Turn to Page 232)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trend of Events

The Hoover Commission

MR. HOOVER'S LAW-ENFORCEMENT COMMISSION would have been stronger had Charles Evans Hughes, Supreme Court Justice Harlan F. Stone, Owen J. Roberts of Philadelphia, and Judge Benjamin Cardozo of New York accepted invitations to become members. As it stands, it is plainly a highly competent, though not a brilliant, body.

George W. Wickersham, its Chairman, is a former Attorney General of the United States. All ten of the men members are lawyers; four are judges. Some are nationally known, for example, Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School; Federal Judge William S. Kenyon of Iowa, and Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War.

Many aspects of the Commission's work will demand notice, but the problem of prohibition enforcement is paramount both in importance and popular interest. Apparently there are few extremists, or none, on the Commission. All the members seem to be masters of their own minds. Political expediency can have little, should have no, effect on their findings and conclusions. The country therefore will expect an honest examination of, and a bunkless report on, this subject.

If it is to attain maximum usefulness, the Commission must be free to recommend repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead Act, or the Jones-Stalker Law if upon full, open-minded investigation it deems such action advisable. It must go to the heart of prohibition enforcement. Otherwise its recommendations may command little attention and less respect.

A Look at the Record

THE RECORDS and utterances of the eleven Commission members indicate that three may be classed as wets, four as drys, and four as doubtful.

Chairman Wickersham has long been regarded as leaning to the wet side. He has predicted that the Jones Law probably would defeat itself.

Newton D. Baker opposed Constitutional prohibition during the Presidential campaign. "I do not believe the Constitution of the United States is the place to legislate," he declared. Ethical progress, he added, evolves from self-discipline rather than legislation. The latter cannot be substituted for the former.

Monte M. Lemann, President of the Louisiana Bar Association, is regarded as a liberal with anti-prohibition views. Though advocating simplification of the legal code by discarding worn-out laws, he has made a constant fight for rigid enforcement.

The four judges are drys. Judge Kenyon was co-author of the Webb-Kenyon Act prohibiting the shipment of liquor into a dry State. Prohibitionists considered him the Jones of yesterday. Federal Judge Paul J. McCormick of California is known as an aggressive and staunch dry. Federal Judge William I. Grubb of Alabama has the reputation of dealing severely with violators of the dry laws, and undoubtedly reflects the sentiment of Senator Heflin's State. Kenneth R. Mackintosh, formerly Chief Justice of the Washington State Supreme Court, favored National prohibition as a candidate for Senator last year, and was given a "clean bill" by the Anti-Saloon League. Yet the League characterized one of his decisions as "questionable," and his friends do not regard him as an extremist.

Underwood

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM
Chairman of President Hoover's Commission on Law Enforcement

Roscoe Pound is classified as doubtful. He once wrote that, if laws "truly expressed abstract justice, their intrinsic appeal to the individual conscience would make them effective in action." He has also said: "Law has to move behind public opinion, and not in front of it . . . The law cannot go in advance, for it may go on the wrong track."

Henry W. Anderson, Virginia Republican, wrote the Virginia Republican platform declaration on prohibition last year, and, though this was a document for political use, it contains his views. "The American people," it said, "have entered upon a great moral and social experiment of prohibition . . . . . The laws passed in furtherance of this policy should be respected and must be enforced." Nevertheless he is not looked upon as a thoroughgoing dry.

Frank J. Loesch, Vice-President of the Chicago Crime Commission, has no public record on prohibition. He achieved his reputation as a "reformer" by his crusade against the alliance of crime and politics. What he discovered in Chicago may influence his view of the effect of the dry laws on crime. However, those who know him think that he will approach the problem with open mind.

Ada L. Comstock, President of Radcliffe College, and the one woman member, appears to be unsympathetic toward sumptuary legislation, although her attitude toward prohibition is unknown. She has advocated the maximum of student responsibility and control, has been a champion of tolerance, believes in as "few rules as possible," and thinks that "any regulation that has ceased to be effective should cease to be a regulation."

"Obscenity" at the Gates

THESE ARE EXCITING DAYS for customs officials. Not long ago, a New York inspector stood in a corner opening a box of books imported by A. Edward Newton, author and book collector. He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a copy of "Rabelais" and said, "Obscene! Obscene!" From Boston, another Jack Horner of the customs has echoed the cry; his plum is thirteen copies of Voltaire's immortal "Candide." Immortality is not the point, reasons the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boston Collector of the Port; the point is immorality.

If they accomplish nothing else, the activities of the customs officials may whip up the flagging spirits of students conning their Voltaire in preparation for final examinations. That "Candide" is a masterpiece of social satire and philosophy is one thing; that it has been banned "because of the text" is another. Scholarship standards are due to rise.

It has been pointed out that "Candide" is obtainable in several editions and is in all well-appointed libraries. This is also true of "Rabelais," and of Boccaccio's "Decameron," which likewise bears an "obscenity" brand. If anti-obscenity measures continue to operate against good literature, Americans seem likely to become a nation of cultured library-goers and classicists.

It should be obvious to the adult mind that a law preventing the importation, on grounds of obscenity, of books which not only are obtainable at American bookstores but have a place on Public Library shelves and in college curricula is woefully in need of mending.

▸▸*House-Senate Spats*

THE SENATE of the special session has been busily placing chips on its togaed shoulder and daring the House to knock them off. It knew that the House was touchy about the origin of bills affecting revenue and would protest if the debenture plan were inserted into the farm relief bill. It knew, too, that the House probably would defeat this scheme to put a bounty on exports. Nevertheless, it drove the debenture plan into the farm bill up to the hilt. So doing, it instructed its delegates to hold out for the plan in their conference with House members. But when Senate conferees held out, House conferees walked out.

Now that the House has demonstrated how swiftly it is possible to shove along a tariff bill, the Senate may attempt to insert the debenture plan into the tariff measure instead of the farm measure. If it does, the House probably will accept the challenge and another deadlock may ensue among conferees appointed by each body to settle their differences. Just what the Senate will do to any tariff bill, however, is unpredictable. A tariff measure prior and subsequent to Senate treatment suggests an old-fashioned "before and after" advertisement.

Even in the census and reapportionment bill Senators found opportunity to snap their fingers at Representatives. They adopted a provision to put the 100,000-odd census takers of 1930 under civil service, thereby voting to deprive the Republican party of one of the juiciest patronage plums it has had in years.

However praiseworthy in itself, this move was of course both advocated and opposed for purely political reasons. Regular Republicans, naturally, wish to strengthen their ranks by passing out jobs in wholesale lots; Democrats and Insurgents would like to prevent them from doing so. The Senate was well

Wide World

ADA L. COMSTOCK

President of Radcliffe College; only woman member of Law Enforcement Commission

aware that its thoroughly Democratic amendment to the census bill would displease the thoroughly Republican House. On this question, however, as on others, it adhered to the doctrine that, if the House does not like what the Senate does, the House can lump it.

▸▸*"Behind That Curtain"*

ONE RESULT of the dispute between Washington correspondents and certain Senators over the publication of the "secret" vote by which Irvine L. Lenroot was confirmed for the United States Customs Court of Appeals has been to crystallize sentiment in the Senate against executive sessions for the transaction of ordinary business. The two roll calls which figure in the rumpus concern the nomination of men accused of being too close to power interests—Lenroot and Roy O. West, for a few months Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of the Interior. Activities of these interests constitute a live and dangerous political topic and many who favored confirmation preferred that their votes should not be known. The executive, or secret, session served to screen their action from the public.

Before this is published the Senate may have decided that executive sessions shall be held only in extraordinary cases and in response to a majority vote. If so, it will be a sensible decision. It would be unwise to abandon executive sessions altogether. Frank and open discussions of treaties, for example, might have harmful effects on international relations. Moreover, there is no reason why reckless charges against a candidate should be bandied about to the irremediable injury of himself and his family. Finally, it is in any case impossible to abolish secret sessions. If they were driven off the Senate floor, they would simply be transferred to the cloak rooms.

But there is little reason why votes on either treaties or nominees should remain a mystery. There is even less reason why the Senate should go into a secret huddle in order to conceal a few members' attitudes about which the public has a perfect right to be informed.

When and if the Senate amends its regulations it should make secret sessions mean secret sessions. Hitherto, they have been open secrets. As soon as the average secret session adjourned, talkative members of the upper house have gone galloping out to tell the world exactly what took place behind the thrice-barred and bolted doors.

▸▸*Newspaper Ownership*

SENATOR NORRIS'S proposal that newspapers controlled or financed by power interests be compelled to pay higher postal rates rests on his dubious opinion that legal steps should be taken to "stop the trusts from buying the newspapers." Can newspaper owners fairly be prevented from selling when and to whom they choose? Can utilities fairly be prevented from purchasing newspapers in whole or in part? If so, will the prohibitions apply to all large corporations with which newspapers deal in news and editorial columns?

Say that these questions are answered

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the affirmative. Say that such prohibitions would be just. Even so, they plainly would not be effective, since it still would be possible for corporations to control newspapers indirectly.

Only one sound, constructive move has been suggested since the Federal Trade Commission began its investigation into power in the press. This would stiffen the law requiring statements of newspaper ownership. Ownership statements should be printed far more frequently; furthermore, they should be so presented that the facts will be clear at a glance.

Senator Walsh of Montana contends that some ownership reports filed with the Postmaster General by newspapers in which the International Paper and Power Company has interests are far from the truth. He believes, therefore, that the Attorney General should decide whether the law has been violated and, if so, whether prosecutions should be instituted. To this, of course, no one can reasonably object.

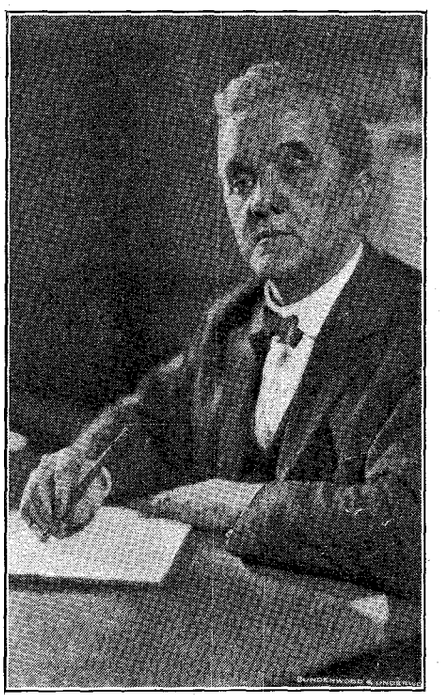
However, future statements, both those filed with the Postmaster General and those filed with the public, are more important than past statements. Chain newspapers, and newspapers with which large corporations have made connections—in the main, for purely commercial reasons—are taking the place of the independent press. It therefore becomes of great consequence for the public to know who is behind the newspapers from which it gets so large a share of its opinions and information. There is no discrimination in requiring that all newspapers state frequently, clearly, and in detail exactly who their owners may be, leaving it to the reader to judge news and editorials accordingly. No newspaper's space is so valuable that it cannot devote a little of it monthly, weekly, or even daily to a full and lucid statement of ownership.

▶▶*Railroad Valuation*

Railroad Stocks shot up when tickers announced the Supreme Court's decision in the O'Fallon test case, but eased down as it became better understood. The Court held that the Interstate Commerce Commission erred in determining, under the 1920 Transportation Act, the value of the property of the nine-mile St. Louis & O'Fallon Railway.

It upheld the contention of the railroads that reproduction costs must be accorded weight in estimating railway valuation for rate making and other purposes—among them the recapture for the Government of one half of the net operating income in excess of 6 per cent of the valuation—though it declined to say how much weight. This is up to the Commission, subject to court review.

Determining the O'Fallon's value for the purpose of recovering a share of its earnings, the Commission estimated the land, as well as the equipment installed since 1919, at current prices. But the equipment installed between 1914 and 1919 was estimated at 1914 prices plus



Underwood

GEORGE W. NORRIS

Senator from Nebraska, would bar investment in newspapers by public utilities

appreciation, while that installed before 1914, the bulk of the property, was estimated at 1914 prices without allowance for appreciation.

The protest of the railroads was understandable. Obviously, 6 per cent of a valuation based on 1914 prices would be much less than 6 per cent of a valuation based on current reproduction costs. Hence the amount of excess earnings to be shared with the Government would be far greater under the former than under the latter plan of valuation.

The Supreme Court did not make reproduction costs the only yardstick of railroad values. "Other pertinent facts" are to be considered. It implied that these may be of large importance when it added that "no doubt there are some, perhaps many, railroads the ultimate value of which should be placed far below the sum necessary for reproduction."

The effects of the decision will not be fully apparent until the Commission reveals by further valuations how much weight "reproduction costs" are to be given. The miscalled "greatest lawsuit in history" is over, but others may follow before this vexed question is settled.

▶▶*The Americanized Cinema*

The French Cinema Industry, unsatisfied with the year-old seven-to-one quota, whereby one French film must be bought by an American distributor for every seven American films distributed in France, has insisted on a quota of three to one. Consequently American distributors have threatened to withdraw from the French field.

The protest against the three-to-one quota by 5,000 French employees of American film concerns in France, suggesting the increasingly international character of modern business, was not unexpected. To these Frenchmen, American withdrawal would mean loss of jobs. More significant is the solid opposition of provincial French theatre owners, who declare flatly that the three-to-one contingent would ruin their business. Here is concrete proof of the extent to which American films are dominating the foreign market.

The average American film is far better than the average film produced in any other country. Art-products aside, the progress of the cinema seems to depend almost wholly on Hollywood. It was Hollywood which developed the revolutionary talkies; now it promises us three-dimensional effects with natural colors as well as sound. Indeed, a talking picture in natural colors already has been released. "Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed one movie magnate when he saw an experiment in three-dimensional talkies the other evening. Probably it won't be long now.

It has been suggested in France that the Government subsidize the film industry and use it for the expansion of French thought and propaganda. Is propaganda at home in the movies? Russian producers think so, evidently they lose few opportunities to introduce it into their products. Italy gives evidence of following suit, notably in a new film, subsidized by the Government, supposed to reveal the political

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Underwood

FLIGHT ENDURANCE RECORD

Jim Kelly and Reg Robbins keep "Fort Worth" plane up over 172½ hours

situation in Tripoli at the time Italy fought the Turks for that territory. Yet it seems likely that, if French producers turn propagandists, American films will have to fear competition in the foreign field even less than they do now.

▶▶*Air Exploits*

THE SUMMER'S PROGRAM of aerial achievement got off to a brisk start with the breaking of the Question Mark's endurance record by Robbins and Kelly, Texas airmen, who remained aloft a week and four hours. While a feat of this sort is less colorful and involves less apparent risk, it ranks with the most sensational of trans-Atlantic hops in the value of its contribution to air history. It is of first importance that engine endurance power be tested; it is no less important that experiments be conducted in refueling. The practicality of refueling in the air by means of a rubber tube contact with a "milk bottle" plane has recently been demonstrated not only by the Texas endurance champions but by an Army bombing plane. The bomber, having theoretically laid Manhattan Island low in a sham raid to illustrate how defenseless New York would be in air warfare, flew back over the city next day and refueled five times for interested neck-craners and radio audiences.

Keeping steady pace with sensational air achievements are announcements which represent equal development on the commercial side of aviation. On July 8, the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., will open its coast to coast service, sending passengers from New York to Columbus, Ohio, by train and on to the west coast by plane. Another rail-plane service, Southern Skylines, Inc., has just organized and will establish continental service, linking New York, Miami, and Los Angeles. In the midst of all this, like a wet and disconcerting blanket, comes the voice of Henry Ford. Aviation, says Mr. Ford, is just in its infancy and close to the zero mark of infancy.

What does Mr. Ford mean? He means that, whereas the steam-boat and automobile each developed a new kind of fuel and engine, there is as yet no special engine or fuel identified solely with the airplane. There will have to be more power, greater reliability, and less weight in the engine of the future's perfect airplane. He also means to stimulate young men to solve aviation's manifold problems. Doubtless Mr. Ford would agree that, if aviation is still an infant, it is not only a strapping but a precocious one.

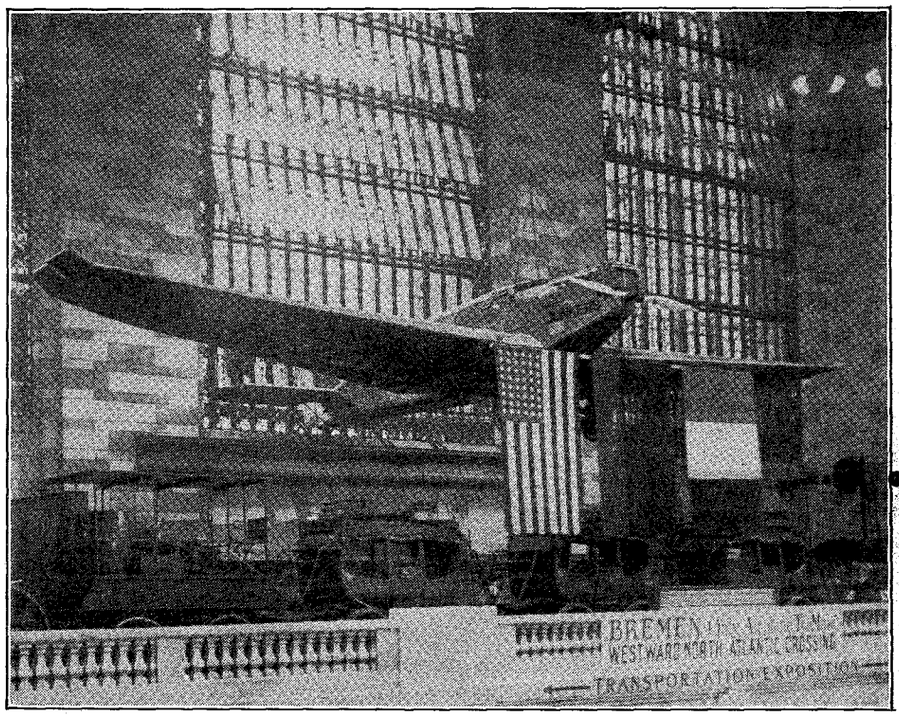
▶▶*Rocket Travel*

MAX VALIER, the German inventor, plans to fly a rocket-propelled airplane across the English Channel this summer at a velocity of four hundred miles an hour. The flight will occupy three to four minutes. Valier has already taken the laugh out of rocket propulsion but others have had a large share in the accomplishment. There is a fairly voluminous scientific literature in England on rocket propulsion and a considerably larger one in Germany.

The wrong kind of press reporting has confused many concerning rocket flight. There is no present intention to send anyone in a rocket to the moon, despite the fact that volunteering through the medium of the press to undertake such a jaunt has provided certain individuals with a way to cheap publicity. Technical men are after a new method of propelling airplanes, and scientific men seek a way of sending instruments higher into the upper atmosphere than the twenty-five miles attained by small meteorological balloons.

Last winter Valier made some interesting tests on the ice in Germany, using a rocket sled. Five rockets fired at one and one-half second intervals gave the sled a speed of 249 miles an hour or higher than Major Segrave's record-breaking motor car in Florida. Valier says Segrave's car cost $100,000; the rocket sled $375.

The rocket for crossing the English Channel will look like an arrow, with very short wings to be used only as stabilizers and for landing. Valier says the experiment may require several attempts and will involve danger. Mechanically the rocket principle has a higher efficiency than present means of propulsion, and that is why scientific men are likely to rest only after they have conquered the various technical difficulties.



Underwood

AT REST

The "Bremen," only plane to make westward transatlantic crossing, exhibited in Grand Central Station, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No More Coupons

CIGARETTE COUPONS of the familiar type vanish from the American scene. The two large chains of cigar stores have been taught by chain groceries that today's patron appreciates two and one-half cents saved and in his pocket but is not particularly attracted by a blue or tan claim on an automatic dish-washer which he may receive three years hence if he accumulates enough coupons, remembers where he put them, and gets around to redeeming them.

They have therefore abandoned coupons and reduced prices on popular fifteen-cent brands of cigarettes to the chain grocery level of thirteen cents, or two for a quarter. Thus modern sophistication, which had taken much of the joy out of saving trading-stamps and orange wrappers, chalks up a fresh triumph.

It is not that we have ceased to desire victrolas and sewing-machines that we cannot easily afford. Rather is it, perhaps, that installment-buying has flattened the naïve savor of anticipation. We would rather play the victrola while saving money to pay for it than to wait until, indirectly, the money has been saved in coupons.

A pending battle between thrift and the new sophistication will be watched with interest. Will smokers buy two packages of cigarettes at a time, unmindful of the extra bulge in pockets and hand-bags? Or will they buy but one package, calling the extra half cent well spent for the privilege of walking unencumbered?

Edisoniana

AMERICANS DELIGHT in honoring Thomas Edison. Many of them will take part in the world-wide celebration of the incandescent lamp's fiftieth anniversary. The festival, lasting until October 21, will close with the dedication of the Edison Laboratories at Menlo Park, Michigan, which, restored by Henry Ford, house Edison's original tools and a record of his life and inventions.

Mr. Edison, himself, is preoccupied with the search for a successor. During the next few months, he will scratch American youth in the hope of finding an inventor. A student from each State, selected by its Governor, will be subjected to a questionnaire prepared by Mr. Edison, who will pay the star respondent's college tuition. Thus he may discover a second Edison. At least, he would like to.

Eight years ago, Mr. Edison tried a questionnaire on his employees, with discouraging results. An appalling number of persons, it developed, could not name the author of "Home Sweet Home," and were innocent of knowledge regarding the voltage used in street-cars.

Will he have better luck this time? If so, it may be less because youth is bending more closely over its books than because it has played "Ask Me Another."

Today few persons are in the dark as to the location of Assuan Dam, the source of platinum, or the meaning of "foot pound." If ability to answer stiff questions makes inventors, Mr. Edison should find a host of successors among devotees of year-before-last's parlor games.

Remarkable Remarks

Man is a walking, whirling waterspout on two legs, lit up by lightning.—DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

The world has become a four ringed circus where men are doing great stunts. — REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON.

In India men sit on spikes or on high columns—good Americans sit on flagpoles.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

In homes of wealth no sacrifice is necessary on the part of any one.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Cash and comfort are for many the twin duties of the age.—REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

No elephant or snake has ever been an artist.—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

It will lead to two things, this Prohibition: either revolution or not living at all. I am willing to enlist against Kansas anytime.—CHANNING POLLOCK.

It takes more than a carnation and a pair of spats to make a police commissioner.—REPRESENTATIVE LA GUARDIA.

It will be a long job separating jobholders from their graft and it will be an even longer one instilling common decency into the lower orders of the evangelical clergy.—H. L. MENCKEN.

I want to say a good word right here for prohibition. It has ended all that nonsense about moderate drinking.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

Federal Probe Needed

THE STRIKE'S OFF in Elizabethton, Tennessee—temporarily, at least. On the companies' terms, providing for the re-employment of most of the striking employees, the workers of battle-scarred Happy Valley—what's in a name?—return to the mills. The management has agreed to meet a committee of employees for the purpose of adjusting grievances. The outcome of these meetings may determine the continuance of amity.

In North Carolina, also, the dove of peace circles over textile plants. The Loray mill at Gastonia, center of recent disturbances, again runs on a practically normal basis, as do most of the mills in that State. In South Carolina, which has been free from the disorder and the Communist agitation obscuring the essential issues in its sister State, the dispute hinged largely on the introduction of efficiency systems which for the most part are being abandoned as settlements are made.

Now comes a lull—an ideal time to launch an inquiry into hours, wages, and working conditions in the textile industry in the South and in New England as well. Such an investigation, to be undertaken by a Government agency, is requested by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. What agency makes the inquiry matters less than that its work be thoroughgoing and that its findings be given full publicity.

The Senate Manufactures Committee has voted for an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission. Senator Wheeler of Montana sponsors a resolution for an investigation by a committee of the Senate. On the whole, the latter plan seems preferable to the former. A Senate inquiry would be the more likely to fall under the searchlight of publicity. Directly, the Federal Government can do relatively little to soften the plight of textile workers; remedial legislation probably must be left with State Legislatures. Yet it can at any rate expose, and attract attention to, conditions in this industry. So doing it would help in forming a healthy public sentiment which we believe should not be altogether without effect.

Our Share in Reparations

THE AUTHORIZATION of Owen D. Young to reduce American claims on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German reparations payments is not to be measured by the small amount of money involved. We are annually entitled to about $13,000,000 on account of the cost of the armies of occupation, and about $7,000,000 to satisfy claims against Germany by American citizens for losses during the war. Our recent offer to reduce these annuities by extending payment over a longer term of years would little affect the total, but it demonstrated our willingness to make concessions aimed toward a reparations settlement. Moreover, it constituted official recognition of our interest in the establishment of economic and financial stability in Europe.

The course of the negotiations in Paris had placed the United States in an embarrassing position. While Mr. Young was persuading representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy to reduce their claims, he was unable to reduce those of the United States. While the other interested nations were making huge concessions, the richest Nation was making none. The situation was aggravated when Dr. Schacht, chief German delegate, proposed that our claims be given priority over those of other creditors.

At this point the Administration wisely dropped the pretense that it was not officially concerned with the Paris conference, and sought to relieve the United States of any responsibility for a failure. In supporting Mr. Young's efforts for a settlement, it acted for the best interests of the United States.

That the concessions foreshadow a radical change in our debt policy seems unlikely. They seem rather to indicate that the policy is largely based on expediency. This country's right to collect its foreign debts may sometimes be outweighed by necessities of diplomacy and economics. Diplomatic and economic considerations apparently dictated American concessions at Paris.

➤➤*In Brief*

Exhibited in New York's Grand Central Station, the Bremen, in which Fitzmaurice, Koehl and Von Huenefeld flew the Atlantic, will be seen by great numbers of people; after it is housed in a museum, even greater numbers will want to see the plane and never get around to it . . . . A self-photo device has been invented at Yale. Now photographers will have no one to blame but themselves . . . . All in all, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's hunting trip in Central Asia was a profitable one. He brought down a giant panda and the Governorship of Porto Rico . . . . The roll of testimonial-writing celebrities is complete. Albert Einstein has endorsed a piano . . . . The peace plea signed by scores of British and American religious leaders and educators is certainly a sign of the times . . . . So, alas, is the news that an American has been charged with shooting at an airship . . . . If for no other reason than its novelty, the opinion of Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, that America leads

Underwood

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Will be appointed Governor of Porto Rico

the world in appreciation of good music, deserves to be put in the record . . . . Union musicians, at their Denver convention, deplored the effect on art of the talkies' "canned music." Possibly this falls short of bearing Mr. Koussevitzky out . . . . The Italian Senate approved the Mussolini-endorsed Lateran treaties by a vote of 315 to 6. Ever and anon Il Duce must evoke envious admiration in Mr. Hoover.

➤➤*The Week's Press Opinion*

For the Time Being editorial eyes are turned away from Congress and the President. They are focussed on two tribunals—one a venerable Court, the other a brand new Commission. The Executive and the Legislative have given place to the Judicial.

We may be a lawless and irreverent people; but we still retain a great respect for the judicial office—if not always in individual cases for the judicial officer—and show our respect by the restraint of our comment on our courts and commissions of inquiry. The comment of the press on the O'Fallon decision and on the newly appointed Commission on Law Enforcement is a case in point. It is uniformly respectful and restrained.

This does not mean that the press accepts the views of the majority of the United States Supreme Court on railway valuation as gospel from on high or expects any celestial revelation from the President's new Commission. On the contrary there is a distinct undertone of disappointment at the Supreme Court's latest imposing deliverance, and there is evident a disposition in many editorial rooms to be somewhat skeptical of any solution to the problem that Mr. Wickersham and his colleagues are to examine. But the tone of the comment, even when most questioning, is not that of political controversy. In it all there is a tacit, "May it please your Honor."

For the Commission charged with investigation of abuses in the enforcement of law and incidentally of the Eighteenth Amendment there is universal praise. Wets and drys alike among newspapers consider its members both able and impartial. Wets do not object to its dry members, or drys to its wet members. Both expect all its members to be, not neutral, but fairminded. To get wet and dry journals to agree to that extent is something of an achievement which the Commission, because of its character, has already to its credit.

Can such a Commission succeed in finding a way out of our present lawlessness? Not, say some, if it insists in holding to the President's view that the whole duty of Americans is to obey the laws as they are. Of violation of laws for protection of life and property —laws, for instance, against murder and burglary—the chief problem may be indeed one of adequate enforcement coupled with education; but of violation of other laws there enters the question of the wisdom of the laws themselves. That, it is pointed out, is why the peculiar task of this Commission is with prohibition. That is why the attitude of the members of the Commission toward prohibition is of public concern and popular interest.

Compared with this emotional problem the O'Fallon case about railway valuation seems dull and academic. But it is not as abstract as it seems. If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

railway valuation goes up, then what will protect the commuter from higher priced transportation to and from home, or the shipper from higher rates on his merchandise? Frankly the press finds the decision of the Supreme Court rather uncertain, inconclusive, and confusing. Even if it is a victory for the railways it may prove a Pyrrhic victory after all. Nominally the decision does not deal with rates; but rates cannot be greater than the traffic will bear. If the railways insist on a rate increase that will provide profits on too high a capital value, the result may be to drive the Nation to the alternative of public ownership. This may be the result not only for railways but for all public utilities. The principle enunciated by the Supreme Court holds good for power companies as well as railways, and power companies are not now in high favor. The few newspapers that hail this decision as in the interest of justice for the railways have not discussed this aspect of the question.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE CANNOT ESCAPE the belief that President Hoover suffers some disappointment in the preliminary showing of his strong, silent Cabinet, as it was advertised on March 5. It has, to our mind, been neither strong nor silent. There have been no major mistakes, but there have been certain incidents which must have caused some misgiving and heartburning at the White House. Few of these happenings have been apparent to the public, or if they have been hinted at in the press, their full significance has not been appreciated.

We should not wonder if the conservative Andrew W. Mellon were a worry to Mr. Hoover. We hear much talk that there should have been a steadier influence exerted by Mr. Mellon at the Treasury during the recent turmoil over the Federal Reserve Board's campaign against excessive speculation. Though the board's underlying attitude seems to command general support, we hear much unfriendly comment on the contrast between its original program of hoisting an unexpected danger signal and its subsequent policy of simply raising rediscount rates. Some, like Representative McFadden, say it should have kept hands off, while others, like Senator Glass, contend it should have acted long ago. Still others, including W. C. Durant, cry out indignantly against the whole business of federal "interference." We do not pretend to decide the merits of these conflicting contentions, but we think it strange that the man whose retention in the Cabinet was counted on to hold conservative forces close to the Administration should have become the center of a controversy that threatens to alienate powerful interests which any President would like to conciliate.

We also think it unfortunate that in the midst of this dispute the press should headline the news that a recent bullish movement in the market which the board could not control enhanced the fortunes of the House of Mellon by $300,000,000 overnight. As if this were not enough, the newspapers carried word on the same day that the attitude of the Mellon companies constituted the only obstacle to final settlement of the oil land dispute between the United States and Mexico.

Weed in the New York Evening World

That "Hant" Again!

We do not know whether the President is aware of the difficulties into which Secretary Stimson almost plunged him, but we suspect he is. We understand that in two instances—one involving the Tacna-Arica dispute, now happily settled, and the other touching on the prospect of another disarmament conference—Mr. Stimson tried hard to disclose state secrets which might have caused international controversies of some moment. He was quite indignant, we learn, when well-informed correspondents attempted to set him straight on his facts, but upon consulting experts in the South American and Far Eastern divisions of the department, he conceded that he was mistaken in his original statements. We understand, however, that Mr. Stimson is a slow starter and is working hard to make good. He cannot abide interruptions, however, and takes home several brief cases of documents each evening so that he may arise at 4 A.M. to peruse them undisturbed.

Secretary Good placed the Administration in a predicament with his bill for Nation-wide conscription in the event of a war emergency. Although Mr. Hoover believes in preparation for war, we doubt if our first Quaker President liked the idea of such a measure reaching Capitol Hill at this particular moment. The proposal has drawn the attack of militarists, pacifists, and organized labor; and was another of those things that hurt. We understand the bill was sent to Congress by the legislative office of the War Department and that Secretary Good, as Cabinet officers will do, signed the letter urging its introduction without reading it carefully.

Postmaster General Brown, who, with Good, was supposed to supply the savvy and suggestions that would keep the Administration out of difficulties, has singularly failed in this respect, according to our informants. Mr. Brown has been entrusted with the actual work of reorganizing the Republican party in the South, but so far the fruits of his political planting have been rather sour. The groups he sponsored in Florida and Georgia have been repudiated by the local organizations, and reprisal has been threatened against the Administration by the Southern bosses. In other States the process of purification is at a standstill.

These mishaps, to our mind, are the penalty which the President must pay for the aggressive course he is pursuing in the conduct of the Government. His troubles with the Senate are due to the same cause. But everywhere we go we find evidence that the President enjoys the confidence of the people to a degree that surprises the politicians and all unprejudiced observers. He may be worried as he gazes out of White House windows—though he never looked healthier or happier—but the political boys are more worried than he is, in our opinion.

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctors or Robot Menders?

An Editorial

THE STRUGGLE of the individual to emerge from the mass is eternal. The processes of nature, as well as the works of man, tend to reduce human beings to the lowest common denominator. The artisan and mechanic of the past have become, through the development of the machines and of big business, merely cogs in a great apparatus. In the turmoil of the life of today this being emerges some time after dawn from its place of rest and proceeds by a common carrier to its place of work. There it spends from seven to twelve hours in a more or less monotonous task which makes little demand on such intelligence as it has, but which, by monotony, produces far sooner than did the work of the past, that most deadly destroyer of human tissues—fatigue. Eventually this being —human or robot—falls ill. Now medicine as a profession has resisted to some extent the mechanization that has marked almost every other phase of human activity. The robot therefore returns briefly in his illness to the status of an individual. He calls his doctor. The physician has probably known him from the time when his first shrieks startled an unsuspecting and little caring world. If not, the physician familiarizes himself with the facts. The process is called "taking a history." On the basis of these observations he makes a diagnosis. With the living conditions, financial status, and other factors of the case in mind the physician prescribes treatment. Eventually the cog, restored to workability if not to its pristine state, returns to the machine. There it clicks forth daily its allotted task until it breaks again and again—finally beyond the point of repair. In all its humdrum life the only times that it is a person are the times when it is ill. As far as individuality is concerned, sickness is the last refuge of the robot and the middle class.

As might be expected the situation here set forth has annoyed the economists, sociologists, and indeed the philanthropists whom these same regulators of human destiny regularly advise. These experts have been troubled at seeing a doctor working for one man at one time. If the ideas of the efficiency experts prevail the situation will be about as follows:

Robot 1579843 becomes immediately RT—ScT 3765 (Robot subclass tonsils). He reports Thursday at 2:17 p. m. in tonsil clinic 54. Arriving there he is tagged by clerk 48. He then goes to assistant 9 who paints his throat with solution C36 (cocain solution ten per cent). Then he goes to assistant 12 who injects at the proper points, to block the nerves, solution Pr 2 (procaine solution two per cent). Now he proceeds RTS 41 (right tonsil snatcher) who has acquired great facility at snaring off the right tonsil; next he goes to LTS 41 (left tonsil snatcher) who has the knack of performing the operation on that side. RT-ScT 3765 is unknown to any of these advanced scientists by name or personality. To them he is merely a case of subclass tonsils. Having survived their gentle manipulations RT-ScT 3765 is conveyed on his own power to TOW (tonsil operation ward) where he lies more or less comfortably, visited at regular intervals by salaried nurses, assistants, bed-makers, temperature takers, hemorrhage inspectors, mucus removers, bedpan bringers, and other employees of one type or another who attend routinely to his subsequent needs and complaints. Eventually his clothes will be returned and he will pass through door DTC (discharged tonsil cases) pausing momentarily *en route* to pay a fee correctly calculated in proportion to his income, the kind of service that has been rendered and the amount of endowment bestowed upon the clinic through the munificence of some philanthropist.

The account may seem facetious but it is well within the realm of possibility, if the views of the distinguished economists, sociologists, and philanthropists are put into effect. The advancement of medical science has increased specialization. General practitioners, confronted by problems beyond solution, have referred those problems to specialists. In a difficult diagnosis several specialists might be called in. To save overhead, specialists associate themselves in groups as in a group clinic, hospital center, or office unit. Eventually patients go directly to specialists and there are physicians who feel that the general practitioner is a disappearing species of the genus medicus. When the War came it was necessary to treat sick and disabled men *en masse*. Centers were established for various diseases and specialists were collected in these centers to care for the sick who were sent to them by field surgeons. Centers developed for the eye, for nose and throat, for surgery, for infectious disease, and for venereal disease. It was found that men could be treated in such centers by wholesale methods at much lower cost than when they were individualized. True, the men lost much of their identity. But who cares particularly about the identity of soldiers in war time?

Now all of these things are making people think. The public is realizing that there is a difference—a vast difference between the best medical care and that which the average man gets from the average physician. The physicians know that better than any one else. But the best medical care is a time consuming, intricate, expensive procedure, far beyond the reach of the average man. The problem of the future therefore is the provision of the best medical care to all of the people at a price that they can afford. Since the price they can pay cannot possibly meet the cost, the funds will have to come from philanthropy or from the state. Certainly the medical profession does not roll in wealth. The income of the average practitioner would be disdained by any plumber. In proportion to the investment he has made in education and training, it is pitiful. All sorts of experiments are being tried to find a solution to an apparently insoluble problem. The great likelihood is that the solution when found will be one worked out by the physicians and approved by the economists and sociologists.

MORRIS FISHBEIN

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Dr. Fishbein is editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association. Professor A. G. Keller, of Yale University, will be the next contributor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Railroad Rates and Valuations

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

ADHERING strictly to a long series of precedents, the United States Supreme Court has awarded a sweeping victory to the railroads through its decision in the St. Louis & O'Fallon Railway test case. The event is of great importance to rail executives, investors, and shippers, and through the latter two classes to practically every citizen.

At the present date it is hard for any one except professional viewers-with-alarm to foresee any but constructive results from this decision. The danger most feared, that of a broad upward revision of freight rates, seems more fancied than real. The extent of that danger will be discussed further.

In effect, the Supreme Court has declared that railroad property must be appraised as any other property, with due consideration for its current reproduction value. The Interstate Commerce Commission in its tedious and costly task of setting up valuations has followed an arbitrary formula based upon expediency, ignoring the legal precepts for determining value. The bulk of the carriers' properties, exclusive of land, has been appraised on the basis of reproduction cost at 1914 prices. Only incidentally has any allowance been made for the increased costs of reproduction at later dates and for the natural increase in value of roadway well matured and well maintained.

"In the exercise of its proper function this court has declared the law of the land concerning valuations for rate-making purposes," the majority opinion of the court stated. "The commission disregarded the approved rule and has thereby failed to discharge the definite duty imposed by Congress."

The decision illustrates, incidentally, the futility of arguing against the Supreme Court's wisdom. In a highly novel passage of his report in the original O'Fallon valuation case, Commissioner Eastman took occasion to remark that in matters pertaining to railroads and the public interest the Interstate Commerce Commission "occupies a daily front seat upon the stage, while the Supreme Court of necessity is only an occasional visitor to the balcony." The retort was crushing.

The immediate effect of the decision is to relieve most of the carriers from the necessity of paying over to the Government any excess earnings for the years since the recapture clause was written in 1920, and to assure them of a higher limit of earnings free from recapture. To such roads as the Chesapeake & Ohio; Norfolk; Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; St. Louis-San Francisco; and Texas & Pacific, whose earnings are running well above a return of 6 per cent on the old standard of valuation, the benefit will be extreme, although C. & O. and Norfolk apparently will still be within the recapture zone because of their high earnings.

The recapture clause of the Transportation Act provides that one half of the net operating income of any carrier, in excess of a 6 per cent return on valuation, be paid into a contingent fund and the other half be held as a reserve. The contingent fund is available for loans by the Government, to any carrier furnishing adequate security, at 6 per cent interest. The provision was framed when railroad credit was weak. Its value now is nominal. In the past eight years only about $9,000,000 has been paid into the fund, and up to the end of 1927 the carriers themselves admitted only $16,378,000 of their income to be in excess of a 6 per cent return on their own valuation. The logical conclusion is that the recapture clause may be repealed now, in view of its small value and the magnitude of the task of preparing up-to-date valuations for every carrier each year to determine their recapture liability.

The faith of investors in the opportunities offered by carrier shares has been affirmed and strengthened by the O'Fallon decision. They are assured that the dollar invested in transportation will be allowed to stretch as the purchasing power of the average dollar shrinks. The chief benefit of an equity security is guaranteed to them as well as to the purchaser of standard industrial or utility shares.

Although the railroads have denied that a favorable decision would bring applications for higher freight rates, the fear that such a move will come has not been downed. The President himself has expressed the belief that no rate increases were imminent. Yet many theorists insist that steps will be taken now to secure rates that will provide a 5.75 per cent return on a valuation aggregating $40,000,000,000 instead of $19,000,000,000.

Assuming for a moment two things: first, that actual valuation is as high as $40,000,000,000, or about twice the I.C.C. tentative valuation as of 1919, and second, that increases will be asked to double the present return; the actual increases necessary for this return would be only 25 per cent of the existing rates. The average operating ratio of United States railroads is about 75 per cent. That is, from each $1.00 of revenue, the carrier saves only twenty-five cents to pay interest charges, reserves, dividends, and to reinvest in the property through surplus. If rates were increased 25 per cent, the railroads would be subject to no higher operating expense in carrying the freight and would have an extra twenty-five cents in return, or an increase of 100 per cent.

But this is assuming that under the higher tariff goods would continue to move freely from producing centers to consumers. In the last analysis it is this readiness of materials to move that determines the rates. They are based upon the capacity to pay, and the welfare of the carriers depends upon mass production of their special commodity, the ton-mile per train As witnessed by their recent voluntary applications for lower rates on grain, the transportation executives recognize the danger of freezing shipping by rates higher than the traffic will bear readily.

Finally, the Interstate Commerce Commission still is charged with the duty of fixing rates. In spite of the mandate that the rate structure shall be so adjusted as to allow railroads as groups to earn a return of 5.75 per cent, this return has not been earned in any year since 1920, even on the Commission's valuation basis. On the railroads' own book value, the return was 4.35 per cent in 1924; 4.83 in 1925, 5.13 in 1926, 4.38 in 1927, and 4.71 in 1928.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Mr. Schauffler states that the most significant thing about Beethoven is his music; that love played a not very important part in his life. In this installment, however, are recounted some of the brief love episodes which occasionally served to lend inspiration to the Master

WHEN Gleichenstein, who was in the Malfattis' confidence, tried to prepare his friend by delicate and gradual diplomacy for disappointment, the Master was suddenly overcome by the horror of his position. "No, friendship and like emotions have nothing but wounds for me! Well, so be it, for thee poor Beethoven there is no happiness from without, thou must create it all within thyself, only in the ideal world findest thou friends."

And to Wegeler a few weeks later: "Oh, life is so lovely, but mine is poisoned forever." Then, rebounding from these depths, even as the *finale* of the "Geister" trio rebounds from the ghostly *largo,* he sent a written application for Therese's hand.

The good doctor, her uncle, threw his influence against such a project. And perhaps the recording angel was spared a dark entry, and rejoiced over one more danger averted from Beethoven's third period just ahead. In fact, had this marriage taken place, not only might a girl's life have been wrecked, but the Master, torn between his art, his illness, his manias, and the demands of a young wife, would very likely have never reached the last sonatas and quartets. And he might even have stopped short of the three last symphonies. So a double bar was ruled with a tear-laden goose-quill at the bottom of "love's sweet-scented manuscript," and Beethoven fell into the sombre mood which was to find echo the following year, and be immortalized, in the grimly melancholy opening strains of the *Quartett Serioso.*[1]

At this psychological moment, there danced into his room on fairy feet, one of the most enlivening, sympathetic, and altogether tonic adventures that ever befell a composer.

It was a May day, 1810. Beethoven had just finished composing a Goethe song about Italy, that land which he was forever planning to visit but which was to remain the inaccessible Carcassonne of his dreams. He felt a couple of small hands on his shoulders, and turning with an angry word poised, was struck dumb by the impish eyes of a lovely young girl.

"My name is Brentano," she said, and needed no further credentials. For Beethoven was a close friend of her married brother, Franz, whom she had come from Frankfort to visit. Without stirring, he smiled, took her hand and murmured, according to her report, "Look I have just written you a beautiful song. Want to hear it?"

In a harsh voice, transfigured by passion, he began

Then seeing her cheeks glowing and her eyes burning, he exclaimed: "Beautiful, isn't it? Marvelously beautiful. I'll sing it again." After which he turned around triumphantly, pleased by her fiery approval and told her that as a listener she was the sort of artist sorely needed by musicians.

Instantly the two made friends. After considerable coaxing, Bettina persuaded the Master to don his best coat and go home with her. She took him by the hand. They threaded their way past the trunks that held the pell-mell mass of his wardrobe, the sack of straw on which he slept, the wash basin on the inundated pine table, the night-clothes strewn over the floor, and two or three legless pianos, prone like the ruins of Greek temples in Sicily.

At first, this promenade took all Bettina's courage, for in talking about music he would suddenly stand still and begin to thunder, gesticulating eloquently. Here is a sample of his thundering as reported by her.

"Music is the climate of my soul, there it blooms and does not run merely to weeds like the thoughts of others who call themselves composers. But few understand what a throne of passion every single movement of music is—and

BETTINA VON ARNIM
Collector of the hearts of the great

1. Op. 95.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few know that passion itself is the throne of music."

Presently, in her astonishment at the man's greatness, she too forgot the outside world.

She wrote Prince Pückler-Muskau that on this walk he spoke to her as if she "had been for years his trusted friend." And continuing: "There was surprise when, hand in hand with Beethoven, I entered a gathering of more than forty people who sat at table. Without ado he seated himself, and said little (doubtless because he was deaf). Twice he took his writing tablet out of his pocket and made a few marks in it. After dinner the whole company went up to the tower of the house to look at the view. When they had gone down again and he and I were alone, he drew out his tablet, looked at it, wrote and elided, then said: 'My song is finished.' He leaned against the window frame and sang it out upon the air. Then he said: 'That *sounds*, doesn't it? It belongs to you if you like it. I made it for you. You inspired it. I read it in your eyes just as it was written.' "

After dinner, without being urged, he walked straight to the piano and played long and gloriously. "There was," wrote Bettina to Goethe, "a simultaneous fermentation of his pride and of his genius. When he is in such a state of exaltation his spirit begets the incomprehensible and his fingers accomplish the impossible."

This strange young girl was the first person to discover the true greatness of the Beethoven we know today, and to give the discovery voice. That she was the Balboa of this musical ocean is shown by the date of her long letter to Goethe, further extracts from which will presently follow. It was written five weeks before E. T. A. Hoffman's epoch-making essay on the Fifth symphony, which inaugurated the enlightened criticism of Beethoven's works.

To this dainty young Bettina, with the charm of a child, the intellect of a philosopher, the intuition of a prophetess and, we must add, the dubious honesty of a coquette "on the make," it was given to enjoy a deeper intimacy with the mind of Beethoven than ever fell to the lot of his other contemporaries. And she was to transmit to us the most interesting account we have of this mind.

One must not demand too much of her. She was no shorthand reporter. She put down the Master's words more or less as she recalled them, unavoidably saturating them and coloring them with her own vivid personality. Indeed, Beethoven's own self-expression, even as it formed in his brain, must have been appreciably tinged by the spell of the youth, beauty, intelligence, and clairvoyant comprehension of this Nineteenth Century combination of Hebe, Psyche, and the Delphian Sibyl.

From Vienna, on May 28, 1810, Bettina wrote to Goethe:

> When I saw him of whom I shall now speak to you, I forgot the whole world, as the world still vanishes when the memory grips me,—yes it vanishes . . . It is Beethoven of whom I now wish to tell you, and in whose presence I forgot the world and you; I am not yet of age, it is true, but I am not mistaken when I say—what no one, perhaps, now understands and believes—he strides far ahead of the culture of all humanity. And shall we ever overtake him?—I doubt it. But if he only lives until the puissant and sublime enigma that lies in his soul has attained its fullest fruition,—if he only reaches his loftiest goal, then surely he will lay in our hands the key to a divine knowledge which will bring true blessedness a step nearer to us.
>
> To you I may surely confess that I believe in a godlike magic which is the natural element of the spiritual life. This magic Beethoven practices in his art. Everything about which he can teach you is sheer magic . . . and so Beethoven feels himself the founder of a new sensuous basis of the spiritual life. . . . Who could replace this spirit of his for us? From whom could we expect the like?—The sum of human activity seethes around him like so much mechanism; he alone begets independently out of himself the unsuspected, the uncreated. What should contact with the world mean to him who is at his sacred daily task before sunup, who after sundown scarcely looks about him, who forgets sustenance for his body, and who is hurled by the current of his enthusiasm past the flat shores of the work-a-day world?
>
> He himself said "When I open my eyes I must sigh, for what I see runs contrary to my religion, and I must despise the world which does not divine that music is a higher revelation than all wisdom and philosophy. It is the wine which inspires to new acts of creation; and I am the Bacchus who presses out for men this glorious wine and intoxicates their souls. Then when once more they are sober, they find they have fished all sorts of things out of the sea of tone and brought them along to the shore. . . . I have no anxiety whatever about my music; it can have no evil fate. He who truly understands it must thereby go free of all the misery which others bear about with them."
>
> . . . . [Beethoven is speaking of the inspiring power of Goethe's poems]: "I am put in tune and stimulated to composition by this language which builds itself up into higher orders as if through the work of spirits, and already bears within itself the secret of its harmonies. Then, from the focus of enthusiasm I must needs discharge melody in all directions; I pursue it, passionately overtake it; I see it flying away and losing itself in the mass of varied agitations; now I seize upon it again with renewed passion; I cannot tear myself from it; with sudden ecstasy I am impelled to multiply it with all possible modulations; and in the final instant there I stand triumphant over the first musical ideas:—behold, a symphony! Yes, music is indeed the mediator between the life of the spirit and that of the

GOETHE
Beethoven's rival for Bettina's affections

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

senses. . . .

"Speak to Goethe about me. Tell him to hear my symphonies. And he will agree with me that music is the sole incorporeal entrance into the higher world of knowledge, which comprehends mankind, but which mankind may not comprehend. . . .

"A certain rhythm of the spirit is needed in order to grasp the essence of music which gives prophetic vision, and the inspiration of heavenly wisdoms. What the spirit feels therefrom through the senses, is the incarnation of spiritual perception.

"Although the spirit exists on music as we exist on the air we breathe, it is a very different thing to grasp music with one's spirit. But the more the soul draws its sensuous nourishment therefrom, the riper will the spirit be for a happy mutual understanding with it. . . . .

"Every art, all genuine feeling is a moral progress. . . .

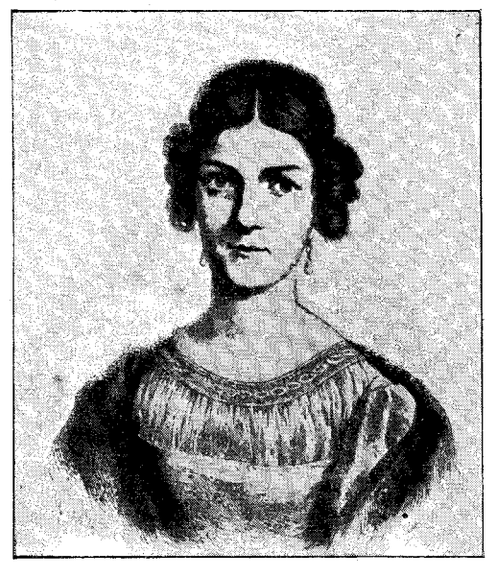
"What we conquer for ourselves through art is from God, divine inspiration, which gives human possibilities a goal that they can reach. . . .

"Every genuine creation of art is independent, mightier than the artist himself, and, through its manifestation, returns to the divine. With man it has only this in common: that it bears testimony to the mediation of the divine in him."

Some critics have felt that all this was nothing but a tissue of inventions by the imaginative Bettina, and that Beethoven could not have said these things, because they do not sound like his every-day utterances. On the other hand, certain hard-headed specialists like Thayer and Herr Bekker are satisfied that in this letter to Goethe, she reported the Master's words in good faith and as literally as she could manage to remember. With these two critics the writer agrees.

The point is that these were very far from "every-day" utterances. By some happy chance, "the time and the place" and the unique creative listener had all come together. The spirit of enthusiastic reverence in which she wrote this report breathes from an exclamation near the close: "If I understood him as I feel him, then I would know everything!"

When, next morning, Bettina read him her letter, he himself was surprised and answered: "Did I say that? Well, then, I had a *raptus!*" He read it through again attentively, crossed out certain things and wrote between the lines. Now, *"raptus"* was one of Beethoven's own particular words. From his use of it ever since his boyhood, it would seem to indicate a rare state of mind by which he was taken in charge by his unconscious mind, a condition in which creation became more or less automatic. It is well known that automatic writers or speakers are often oblivious of what they have just written or spoken, and ordinarily refer to these products in much the same detached, impersonal, surprised language that Beethoven then used.



AMALIE SEBALD
Who captured the fancy of Carl Maria von Weber

Many utterances in this letter are exactly the sort of thing one would expect from the creator of the Eroica, the B flat trio and the C sharp minor quartet, if some degree of trance had loosed his tongue from thraldom to his ugly, pock-marked, diseased little body, and from the self-consciousness of his poorly educated objective mind. The accounts of some of his improvisations sound as though a good part of them might have been automatic playing. It is well known that automatic phenomena often manifest themselves in more than one way through the same person.

Indeed, it is perhaps no coincidence that in the same letter Bettina should have referred to Beethoven's "state of exaltation" when "his spirit begets the incomprehensible and his fingers accomplish the impossible,"—and have reported his remark that the writings of Goethe seemed done "as if through the work of spirits,"—and have described how he himself was "impelled" as though by some external force to create "the one incorporeal entrance into the higher world of knowledge,"—and "the incarnation of spiritual perception."

On the other hand, we must confront this automatic hypothesis with the evidence of the "Sketch Books" that most of Beethoven's written compositions were laboriously conscious, and far from automatic, and with his proved assertion that he could accurately reproduce his improvisations.

Goethe was delighted with Bettina's letter, and the two celebrities began making plans to meet. In his reply he wrote of Beethoven's "truly great spirit." "Before that which is uttered by one possessed of such a daemon, an ordinary layman must stand in reverence. . . . Here the gods are at work strewing seeds for future discernment. . . . To think of teaching him would be an insolence even in one with greater insight than mine, since he has the guiding light of his genius which often illumines his mind like a stroke of lightning while we sit in darkness and scarcely suspect the region from which daylight will break upon us."

Bettina soon left Vienna. In the three letters she claimed to have received from him, Beethoven did not throw out any more such fireworks as her fascinating presence had kindled. The original of only the second of these letters has been found. And Bettina has been freely accused of everything from slightly revising the other two to fabricating them outright. A bitter controversy still rages about the problem.

Personally the writer is inclined to think that these two letters were probably written by Beethoven, and were afterwards dressed up by Bettina in order to flatter the vanity of the minx who had turned the two most creative heads of the age, and collected their revered "scalps." She over-reached herself in the first letter, for example, by making Beethoven write on August 11, 1810: "I have saved all the little slips, containing your brilliant, dear, dearest answers." Unfortunately she overlooked the fact of having, the previous May, written to Goethe that she had talked with the Master without the need of writing. And from no other source do we hear of any necessity for scribbled conversation with him before 1818.

But when we strip from these doubtful letters the husk of Bettina's vanity, the *bona fide* Beethoven emerges, sound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a nut. Here are some characteristic lines from all three.

From the First Letter, Vienna, August 11, 1810:

> In society I am like a fish on the sand, that flops and flops and cannot get away, until some good-hearted Galatea pops him back into the mighty ocean.
>
> Your ears know how to flatter when they listen.
>
> Hope nourishes me; it nourishes half the world.

From the autograph letter, Vienna, February 10, 1811:

> When you write Goethe about me, seek out all the words that may express to him my deepest reverence and admiration. I am myself just writing him about *Egmont* which I have set to music, and indeed simply out of love for his poems, which make me happy; but who can sufficiently thank a great poet,—the most precious treasure of a nation!

From the Third Letter, Teplitz, August, 1812:

> Kings and princes may be able to create professors and privy counselors, and bandy about titles and decorations, but they cannot create great men.
>
> A musician is also a poet, and he can feel himself suddenly transported by a pair of eyes into a lovelier world where greater spirits amuse themselves with him and set him right suitable tasks.—The things that came into my mind as I was getting acquainted with you in the little observatory during the delicious rain of May, which was wholly fruitful for me too! That evening the most beautiful themes slipped out of your glances into my heart; themes that will one day delight the world when Beethoven conducts no more.
>
> One must be something if he would appear something.
>
> Your last letter lay a whole night upon my heart and refreshed me there, musicians allow themselves everything.
>
> God, how I love you! Your most loyal friend and deaf brother
>
> Beethoven.

All through this Bettina business Dr. Jekyll has been touchingly in evidence. Now, for a moment do we catch a glimpse of Mr. Hyde? After all these protests of loyalty and affection; after experiencing the thrill of dedication at-first-sight, when Bettina put her hands on his shoulders and he told her (if he really did), "I have just made a beautiful song for you"—did he dedicate "Kennst Du das Land" to her after all? He did not. He inscribed it instead to the widow of his patron, Prince Kinsky. And one can find no evidence that he ever substituted anything else for it.

Unless these words of his, with their implicit pledge, were only figments of Bettina's warm imagination, such a miscarriage of justice must have convinced the little person, after meeting Beethoven, that Goethe was right in calling him "a totally uncurbed personality." Especially as the slight was afterwards underlined by his dedication of the tremendous *Diabelli Variations* to her sister-in-law, Antonie Brentano, and of a trio and the E major sonata (Op. 109) to her niece, Maximiliane. Truly, as the Master admitted, "musicians allow themselves everything."

Against his thoughtlessness toward Bettina, however, one may balance his delicate kindness to her sister-in-law. At this time Madame Antonie was often so ill that she had to keep her room and refuse all visitors. But Beethoven had discovered the science of musical therapy a century or so before it was to receive general recognition. At these times he used to call regularly on the invalid, go without a word to an adjoining room, open the piano and improvise,—then leave the house as silently as he had come. Just as he once had for Dorothea von Ertmann—he accomplished far more for his privileged patient than all the drugs and all the doctors.

All art is autobiography. Whatever the artist may ostensibly express, he really expresses his own experiences, thoughts, emotions,—in a word, himself.

Beethoven was so enamoured of Goethe's "Egmont" that he refused any payment from the theatre for writing incidental music to it. One reason for this enthusiasm was that he felt the situation of "Egmont" was largely his own: a misunderstood but self-reliant hero gloriously struggling with a relentlessly persecuting fate, and filled with tragic longing for a pure and ideal love.

The man who freed music strikingly combined in one personality those unusual companions, a mania of persecution and lofty courage. The combination is exemplified in a letter to Zmeskall: "I shall not long keep on living here in this outrageous fashion, Art, the persecuted one, finds an asylum everywhere; why, Dædalus, shut within the Labyrinth, invented wings which bore him forth into the air, oh I too will find them, these wings!"

This imagined situation of Egmont-Beethoven inspired the Master to write an overture as terse, strong, and dramatically moving as his curtain raiser to Collin's "Coriolanus." It was richer and subtler as well. The two were companion masterpieces and counterparts.

No such puissant characterization of a hero had ever before been known in dramatic music as the opening theme of the "Egmont" overture, both as it appeared in the slow introductory movement,

and, electrified, in the *allegro*.

All of the "Egmont" music bears the stamp of greatness, especially Clär-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chen's two songs, "Die Trommel gerühret" and "Freudvoll und leidvoll;" not forgetting the exquisite *larghetto,* where the heroine's breath flickers out with the dying lamp.

Beethoven spent the summer of 1810 partly in Vienna, partly in the nearby village of Baden. But even to this obscure corner the world tracked him, and beat a path to his door. He was growing too famous for comfort. "Every day," he wrote Zmeskall on July 9, 1810, "there come fresh inquiries from strangers, new acquaintanceships. . . . . Sometimes I feel I could soon go mad over my unearned fame, fortune seeks me out and just because of that I must fear some new misfortune."

Toward the end of the summer he wrote what he called the "Quartett Serioso."[1] It is shorter than any of his quartets except the early B flat.[2] By ruthlessly paring it to the quick, lopping off every nonessential and establishing such a community of thematic material between the movements as we have already noticed in the "Eroica" and the "Pathétique," he lent this composition more concentration and unity than is found in any of his other chamber compositions.

Unlike the "Rasoumowskys," it has no symphonic quality. It is unthinkable as played by anything but two violins, a viola and a violoncello. Its pages, particularly in the slow movement, show Beethoven in full transition from his second to the third style. He still held to the clear formal structure of the middle period; but already we catch certain turns of phrase and modulation which point forward to the greater days, particularly the main theme of the slow movement, with the Beethovenesque shimmer of its persistent fluctuation between major and minor,

During March, 1811, in three crowded weeks of glorious living, the B flat trio[3] was created. Familiarly known among chamber-musicians as "The Archduke," it is one of the proudest items in the illustrious series of masterpieces dedicated to Beethoven's imperial pupil, Rudolph.

This is a broadly modeled, radiantly happy work. At the end of the slow movement it reaches a pinnacle of mystic rapture as exalted as any which art has ever attained. It is easily Beethoven's foremost composition of its kind, and while no more beautiful than Brahms's revision of his trio in B major, and at the end less consistently sustained, the "Archduke" must yet claim the first place in trio literature. For it is the archetypal work without which the production of its successors would have been impossible.

(To Be Continued)

1. In F minor, Op. 95.
2. Op. 18, No. 6.
3. For piano, violin, and violoncello, Op. 97.

Mass Civilization and the Individual

(Continued from Page 207)

certain place in an elaborate machine." Here then, was developing a large bureaucratic class which spent most of the week (as I learned in Detroit) trembling for their jobs. The word "Yes-man," a vivid piece of native slang, tells us a great deal.

Rather often it would happen that a young man engaged in showing me how sausages were made or how cigarettes were sold, would suddenly exclaim in a nervous outburst: "Oh! But this is all *bunk!* Frankly, it sickens me to think of it."

I have heard also a remarkable story of a young advertising agent, here in Cleveland, who was to address an important trade banquet. In a moment of hysteria he drank strong liquors and prepared literally to roast the whole gathering of trade leaders as if he were possessed of the devil. In the nick of time his young wife pulled him from the rostrum and saved the family career! Such things, suggesting cynicism, or misbelief, are symptoms of a certain weakness in the structure. The old pioneers and builders of the Nation were men of a different stamp: earnest, ferociously bent on their tasks, there was no skepticism whatsoever in their make-up.

Here we approach one of the most dangerous aspects of the new order: great numbers of talented men and women spend their days and nights thinking only of statements about cigarettes, deodorants, sanitary paper, automobiles, and movie actresses. The progressive cultural stupefaction of such a numerous educated class is in itself a major tragedy.

If I appear to have welcomed evidence seen in my journey of the passing of competitive and wasteful business and to have applauded the process of combination which gathers all our wealth and energy into a few great phalanxes, I can scarcely indicate here how deep were the apprehensions aroused by the whole process of standardizing human thoughts to a uniform, dead level.

There is something enormously repulsive to me in the experience of traveling for hundreds and even thousands of miles and yet reading the same slogans, witnessing the grand regimentation of American minds toward a few common ideas. Mass selling implies mass advertising. The machinery of propaganda labors throughout the land to make all wants uniform, to fix all eyes upon a few standard commodities, to impose further wants or newer fashions on the mass. The Dragon must be fed day by day and his demands upon us are proclaimed through the press, through national magazines, bill-boards, radio, airplane—and tomorrow, perhaps, by television.

A Machiavellian publicity agent pointed out to me how "an invisible government has arisen to control the masses through the skilful manipulation of mob psychology." Of themselves they were rudderless and helpless. And so, ways were found of molding the minds of the masses, "that

(Please Turn to Page 238)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Jobs for Broncho-Busters

Men and Machines. By STUART CHASE: Macmillan. $2.50. Published this week.

"FROM our brains have sprung a billion horses now running wild and almost certain sooner or later to run amuck. Where are the riders with their whirling ropes; where the light-hearted youths to mount, be thrown and rise to mount again?" On this stirring question, Stuart Chase ends his book. And, friends, it is a fine, timely book. Go out and buy it, but do not open it until you have five hours of leisure ahead. It will take four to read it intelligently, and through them must be scattered sixty minutes in which to make the gestures necessary for the release of the emotions which it will rouse in you.

In language as comprehensible as that of your daily paper, and with a clarity and conciseness not always to be found there, Stuart Chase tells the story of men and machines. He gives his first chapter to an examination of the beliefs of the prophets of the machine, the Jeremiahs, as Spengler and Austin Freeman, the Pollyannas, as Beard and Henry Ford (some of the prophets profiteer as well as prophesy), and of the fence-sitters, as John Dewey. Chase himself foregoes any expression of opinion, here, and writes as a dispassionate historian and examiner of statistics. He next gives the genealogy of the machine, from the section of tree trunk which became the first wheel through Watt's steam engine to Televox. This is as much of the history of applied power as the non-specializing reader needs. And the detailed economic history of the machine which follows is equally satisfactory. From that point, Chase enters the field where current fact and opinion become the sources of future history. He examines the virtues of the Power age and its vices. Most of the virtues are self-evident although not exactly their own reward. But some of the vices are too readily overlooked. Although Mr. Chase figures out painstakingly the number of hours per day that the average man spends in contact with machines, he cannot disprove the fact that most of us are, in one way or another, slaves of the machine and that our slavery is all the more hopeless because unperceived. We disregard the increasing tendency to apply the standards of the machine to humanity, a tendency displayed even by our most highly-regarded social philosophers. We shut our eyes to the universal shifting of the emphasis from money as a means to money as an end. We ignore the tragic effect of the machine upon leisure. "More power, more leisure," is a fine slogan. But Mr. Chase shows just how it works; how play becomes mechanized; how dulled sensitivities destroy the ability to enjoy free time; how the increasing specialization of men increases their helplessness in the face of unfamiliar situations. And, lastly, he takes up the question of waste, the great American curse. Taking literally no thought for the morrow, we are wasting our natural resources as though we might as blindly ignore tomorrow as we do yesterday. Our rivers go to make power, our forests, to make newsprint so that Power may have more power to exploit Power; our people by the hundreds of thousands are wasted upon the work of selling to other people things they neither want nor need, because excess power has made excess things and means to make excess profits. It is largely out of such conditions that the current discounting of spiritual values has arisen and the current incapacity for independent thinking has grown.

Illustration from "MEN AND MACHINES," by Stuart Chase (Macmillan)

Out of all this, the persistent thought grows that the human factor is, as usual, at fault; that the machine is not the betrayer but the betrayed; that the creatures of steel and steam which have been wrought in strength and beauty by brains and hands are being exploited by paunches. And it is not a merry thought.

Toward the end of his book, Stuart Chase becomes, himself, a prophet. The calamities he prophesies, if Power runs amuck, are all too credible, but the Jules Vernish way in which he treats them is out of keeping with the temperate sanity, salted with humor, which distinguishes the rest of the book.

The Lynds' "Middletown," Lippmann's "Preface to Morals," perhaps Benda's books, certainly "Men and Machines," should be read by the men who control the destinies of this country; statesmen, men of affairs, captains of industry, preachers, editors. Such books contain precious seed. Too much of it will fall among the tares. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some may fall upon good ground. If it does, we can grow a great crop here, yet; such a crop as will nourish both the wild horses and the men who can break them to the service, not of greed but of humanity.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

NOTE: The publishers of "Men and Machines" by Stuart Chase have just informed us that publication of the book has been indefinitely postponed. Readers will save themselves and their booksellers some annoyance by remembering, in ordering the book, that they may not receive it for some time.

New Novels

Im Westen Nichts Neues. By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE: In Propylaen-Verlag: Berlin. Published here as *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Translated by A. W. WHEEN: Little, Brown. $2.50. June 1.

IT IS CURIOUS to notice how a few hundred pages of belated "What Price Glory" honesty can intoxicate the reading public. Since its appearance last January in Berlin, Erich Remarque's war novel, "Im Westen Nichts Neues," has been generously extolled as the one great chronicle of the War. The chorus of its praises has been echoed in England, and now in America where a satisfactory but not wholly flavorful translation is available.

Partly because of the fact that a German has, for the first time, written about the World War from a non-partisan point of view, and partly because it is a highly disturbing record of misery and fortitude, of the spiritual suffocation of eighteen-year-olds, "All Quiet on the Western Front" deserves attention and praise. It is a superlatively sensitive creation, but it need not be compared to the Book of Job. It can stand on its own merits.

"We learned," comments Paul Bäumer, the narrator, laconically, "that a bright button is more important than four volumes of Schopenhauer." His disenchantment comes early in the War and is shared by his comrades, Stanislaus Katczinsky, called Kat, "the greatest glutton in the army," and the most finely drawn character except Paul, himself; Müller, the disputatious ass; Kemmerich who trades his mortality for a more permanent peace; Tjadens; and Albert Kropp, the only one besides Paul who is still breathing when the Armistice is signed. Paul and his friends realized at the start that angels speak all tongues and that every nation propitiates its own tribal god. "The first bombardment showed us our mistake," writes Paul. Kropp proposed that "a declaration of war should be a kind of popular festival with entrance tickets and bands, like a bull-fight. Then, in the arena the ministers and generals . . . dressed in bathing drawers and armed with clubs, can have it out among themselves." At the front, these lads are transformed into defensive animals. "We have become wild beasts. We do not fight, we defend ourselves against annihilation. It is not against men that we fling our bombs, what do we know of men in this moment when death with hands and helmet is hunting us down." Amid this welter of fatigue, steaming bodies and wasting flesh, there are excursions into the farcical, the macabre; and there are those artistically more precious moments when Paul returns home on leave. His reunion with his mother, dying of cancer, is etched in acid tears.

In the original, Remarque's prose is as compact as those very hand-grenades thrown at unknown, unseen faces, as unswerving as the rain of lead from a machine-gun. What is lost in translation is that brooding quality, that lyric pensiveness which our language cannot capture, and which the German has as his heritage. E. M. BENSON.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

The Book of Bette, by Eleanor Mercein Kelly: Harper. To be reviewed later.

Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin: Bobbs Merrill. Native material is used with poetic grace in this moving story of plantation life. Pulitzer prize. Reviewed November 21.

Victim and Victor, by John R. Oliver: Macmillan. Published last year, this novel has lately gained attention because it nearly won the Pulitzer prize. While it has an unfrocked Episcopal priest as its central figure and an Anglo-Catholic background, it is not propaganda but is intensely human and moving.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. These salty and "fishy" adventures are making money for the author and trouble for the sponsors. Reviewed March 13.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

Cavender's House, by Edwin Arlington Robinson: Macmillan. A narrative poem marked by the intellectualized emotion and objective introspection characteristic of this poet. Reviewed April 24.

No Love. By DAVID GARNETT: Knopf. $2.50. Published May 31.

ALTHOUGH "No Love" is not a story from the fantastic world of David Garnett's earlier creating, the same strange light that never was on land or sea bathes its scene. Perhaps because that scene partakes of both land and sea, an island which holds the two families that share it in a mysterious isolation so that we see them as tiny and intricate human beings kept in a case whose walls are made of magnifying glass. The story of "No Love" concerns these two families exclusively, people of widely differing backgrounds and philosophies, and particularly the son of each household. Totally different, Simon and Benedict cling to each other through separate interests, separate careers, the War which takes them different ways, until one marries. Then love and jealousy divide them, and the families, bursting their island walls, disappear. The story is not unusual but it is touched by David Garnett's peculiar and original magic. His wit and his poetic fancy, his happy use of irrelevant detail to heighten the effect of naturalness, his graceful prose, and the gentle irony of his characterizations give to "No Love" the vitality and charm which we have learned to expect in his work.

A Humble Lear. By LORNA DOONE BEERS: Dutton. $2.50. Published June 1.

WITH DISARMING simplicity, Mrs. Beers gives her book a title which tells the story. But the Lear motive, the aging man and the children who have no place for him in their lives, does not develop until after the death of Adam Webb's wife whose proud and aloof cultural superiority had schooled him early in loneliness and whose death-bed admission of love had come too late to do

(Please Turn to Page 230)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

THIS is an age of disillusionment. There is a growing skepticism of the worth of the common man. The inherent nobility of the genus homo is no longer taken for granted as it was a few short years ago. Ours is a period of spiritual depression. Signs of this depression are everywhere—in literature, in the drama, in scientific psychology, in politics, in religion. We increasingly master nature but to what purpose when we have lost confidence in human nature? A frank facing of this situation is the theme of "The Motives of Men" by George A. Coe (Scribners). Professor Coe, who is well known in the fields of psychology and religious education, brings an acute and well-trained mind to the task of finding out what is really in man. While he dodges no disagreeable facts he is convinced that our current depression is not justified by these facts. The real trouble, he thinks, is our modern industrialism which, chaining us to the machine, has lowered us in our own eyes. The cure for this soul sickness can be found only in recognizing the real motive which is back of all our motives, the religious drive, "to be a rational self-guiding self in a society of such selves." One can speak of this book with real enthusiasm. Professor Coe has done a difficult task thoroughly and well.

"Beyond Agnosticism" by Bernard Iddings Bell (Harper) is another book written for the disillusioned of our day. Dr. Bell believes that our depression is due largely to mechanistic science. But such science can never reveal anything ultimate so the agnosticism to which it gives rise points beyond itself to religion. "The Soul Comes Back" by Joseph H. Coffin (Macmillan) is still another attempt to come to grips with the agnostic and depressed mood of the time. Like Coe and Bell the author is completely at home in the scientific and philosophical thought of our day and like them too he believes that this thought necessarily points beyond itself to something more constructive. In his book all the main philosophical and scientific positions of our day are presented clearly and fairly.

"The Dilemma of Protestantism" by William E. Hammond (Harper) is still another reaction to the spiritual depression of our time, this time an appraisal on the practical side. No franker statement of the perils and dangers which beset the Protestant churches and particularly their clergy has appeared in recent years. The author is sharp in his criticism but "faithful are the wounds of a friend." He attacks that he may recall our churches to their task of applying Jesus's law of love. "The Beliefs of 700 Ministers" by George Herbert Betts (Abingdon Press) is a scientific attempt to find out the real beliefs of the Protestant clergy. Five hundred clergymen of various denominations and two hundred theological students in various seminaries have answered about sixty questions concerning their beliefs. They agree one hundred per cent on just one point—God exists. They agree ninety per cent or more, however, in thinking of God as a Father, in believing in a future life and on a few other points but on most matters there is wide disagreement. Hence there is the natural query as to the place of creeds in our churches. In "Can I Teach My Child Religion?" by George Stewart (Doubleday-Doran) the problems of religious education are more specifically raised. This book is a much-needed plea to parents for the religious education of their children. Had there been more of the parental care advocated in this book a generation or so ago perhaps our present disillusionment in regard to man would not be upon us.

All of the above are the insights which have come to religious leaders who are grappling with our age and its moods and questions. "If I Could Preach Just Once" is a book by laymen, some of the leading figures of our time, (Harpers). A dozen outstanding men in various fields have contributed brief sermons which they would preach if they had the chance. Bertrand Russell, G. K. Chesterton, A. Conan Doyle show the wide range in viewpoint. This book helps us to see ourselves and, while probably not written with that intention, is nevertheless something of an antidote to our disillusionment concerning man and God. Possibly as Professor Coe suggests, our disillusionment is itself illusory.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 229)

more than clothe his memory of her in frustration. This Lear's Goneril and Regan are sons, one avaricious and one shiftless, each doubled by a wife. His Cordelia is a daughter, good but inarticulate and untender, whose admiration for her mother and distrust of her brothers have closed her heart against her father without dulling her sense of duty to him. His kingdom is a wide Minnesota farmstead, fashioned by his strong pioneer hands and his wife's delicate fingers. Even the wise fool, he has, to sing beside him in the rain.

The story of "A Humble Lear" is so simple that one is, at first reading, at a loss to understand its absorbing quality. Then it is seen to lie in the fidelity and variety of the characterizations, the effortless art that touches each figure into life, and in the natural movement of the action which progresses from beginning to end on sure and steady steps. Mrs. Beers has shown courage in selecting a well-worn theme, in handling her "Middle-Westerners" with warmth rather than with desiccating analysis, and in allowing pity and tenderness to soften the edges of her sharp perceptions. She has unusual talent for characterization and narrative. Her book has both strength and beauty.

Wild Bird. By MAUD DIVER: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50. Published this week.

MAUD DIVER is one of the crew whose books are damned by critics as creating false notions of life and false literary values. On the first count they are probably no guiltier than are books by the hyper-Freudian novelists. Anyway, some of us could not endure life unless we had false notions about it. "Wild Bird" is the story of a free young thing and how she learned through conflict and pain that no one can escape human entanglements. Her dead father and two other men influence her life; the villain, fortunately, briefly, although he tries to murder her. So far as the literary values of "Wild Bird" go, they are nil. The story is obvious, the characterizations, lifeless. The scene which shifts from Switzerland to India is highly colored after the fashion of the Morris Gest pageants. The style shows a consistent and extremely competent use of familiar clichés.

(Please Turn to Page 233)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This Professional man's $1000 grew...safely...to over $40,000"

Fred I. Pugsley, Cashier of the Westchester County National Bank, Peekskill, N. Y., tells the story of two professional men—and the dramatic contrast in their present fortunes.

Fred I. Pugsley, influential banker of Peekskill, N. Y., is President of the Westchester County Bankers' Association, and Cashier of the Westchester County National Bank of Peekskill.

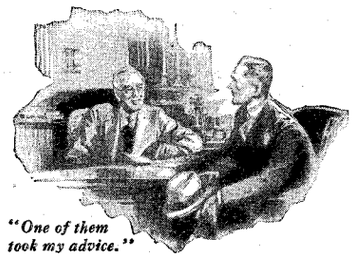
"SOME years ago," said Mr. Pugsley, "a young professional man came to me for advice—he was a depositor in our bank—on how to build a competence for himself.

"He was able in his profession, and earned a respectable income. I recommended a good $1000 bond, safeguarded by sound management and history of earnings. He bought it—and promptly borrowed $1000 to buy another bond with.

"For 15 years, he always owed us money. But in those 15 years this professional man's $1000 grew with constant saving and investing—safely—to over $40,000.

"He presents," continued Mr. Pugsley, "a remarkable contrast with another young man—in the same profession, and about his equal in ability—who wouldn't wait, who wanted to make a 'killing.' Buying bonds—for him—was too slow a way to make a fortune. So he plunged here, took a 'flyer' there—and he's still carrying the worry.

"With every new venture into speculation, he starts from scratch. The result always ends disadvantageously. The last time we met, he told me, 'Mr. Pugsley, I wish I had taken your advice a dozen years ago.'"



"One of them took my advice."

LIKE ALL BANKERS worthy of the high position their communities accord them, Mr. Pugsley considers that to preach safety in investment is one of the moral obligations of his profession. In every community, leading bankers urge upon their customers to put safety before any other consideration.

Good yield, of course, is important, though never should it be permitted to outweigh the advantages that go with a complete safeguarding of both principal and interest.

The banker knows, too, how important diversification is. Yet this he recognizes as essentially a problem of adaptation of specific types of securities to individual needs. Here the professional knowledge and experience of the banker are of inestimable value to the investor.

Indeed, the selection of the right type of bonds is, for the average investor, too complicated a problem to be decided by himself. It is best to consult a banker, or a high grade investment house, before he buys.

The Westchester County National Bank, Peekskill, N. Y., founded in 1833, is the oldest bank in Westchester County and is recognized as one of the strongest financial institutions in the country.

Over 900 bankers, in communities that range from large metropolitan cities to small trading centers, choose bonds from among Straus offerings for their own reserves and to recommend to customers for investment.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How To Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet F-1005.

S. W. STRAUS & Co.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Ave. at 46th St. New York

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street
San Francisco

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave.
at Jackson Blvd.
Chicago

ESTABLISHED IN 1882

Copyright 1929, by S. W. Straus & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Way of Wisdom
for the mature mind—in religion, in politics, in business, in love—will be found in this rare commentary on the art of contented living.

Walter Lippmann's new book

A PREFACE TO MORALS

"The first chapter of this book is worth the price of admission."—*N. Y. Post*

Macmillan **$2.50**

Delaware Law

(Continued from Page 213)

in fact ignorant of this provision, and who buys 1,000 shares of non-preferred stock for which he pays $100,000. Let us imagine that the technical requirement is met, that the stock is first issued for property, and is then being distributed to the public, by the bankers. Within sixty days the board of directors votes that $10 of every such $100 share is to be capital and $90 paid-in surplus. Let us further suppose that the common stock of this corporation represents no cash contribution, but in the best current mode is issued for the services of promoters and investment bankers sponsoring the corporation. There is nothing to prevent the directors, after paying the regular dividend on the preferred, from paying out all the remaining $90 per share of the preferred as a dividend to the common stock, which contributed no cash whatever. If the company was then dissolved our unfortunate investor would receive $10,000 for his investment of $100,000.

These illustrations are not given as accurate predictions of what is likely to happen today or tomorrow, but to show to what extremes directors could go and still remain within the terms of these amendments. It is not to be implied that financiers will make a habit of wholesale swindling by resorting to such a deplorable poverty of finesse, and such amateurish glimpses of the obvious as have been suggested here. We are in a period of unprecedented prosperity, most companies are more successful than they have ever been before. And so, it may be said, these questions are not of pressing importance. But some day the tide may turn and hard-pressed financiers will cast about for means of salvaging something out of the particular wrecks they are sinking in. It is then that the autocratic powers of management conferred by the Delaware law will be most likely to be abused. Meanwhile, as elsewhere I have suggested, the stock exchange is interested in maintaining the rights and confidence of stockholders. In addition, wage earners are forming every year a larger and larger section of this group. As the whole country is now interested in securities it is of national importance that confidence should not be shaken.

It may be urged that none of these devices can be worked without control. But here again, due to the wide diffusion of stock ownership, it does not take a very big percentage of the total voting stock to control a corporation; the larger the corporation, the smaller the percentage required for control. These percentages run from 10 to 51 per cent. The result is that in large corporations there is power without responsibility; and, human nature being what it is, when the temptation becomes sufficiently strong it is possible that there will be financial gymnasts sprinting to parts unknown with the investors' money bags. If this law makes legal what it says is legal, these same financial gymnasts will not even have to sprint. They can stay right in New York and keep the money. If questioned, they can say: "You, as an investor, assented in advance to what I did. You are held to a knowledge of the law and my actions are sanctioned (or sanctified) by the law governing the corporation; therefore, you have no cause for complaint."

Hence it is perhaps no breach of confidence to give a whiff of the aroma of the new Delaware corporation laws to a somewhat wider circle than the technical corporation lawyers. Every one knows that the wealth of the country is being thrown more and more into corporate form. It is therefore vital to our economic welfare—to say nothing of any moral question involved—to see that there shall be fair play and that the people who have most at stake in this question, the investors, shall be informed of what can be done to them under the forms of law.

The best protection which investors can have is the decent character of the people who control their concerns. Brigands can scheme under any form of law. Yet it should be kept in mind that vast sums of money are being saved and invested by the wage-earning class. This is a comparatively new development, due to the rise in real wages. Such new and inexperienced investors cannot be expected to know the reputations of the various financial or controlling groups. They will therefore be easy prey for the unscrupulous. And it is this type of shady financier who will be most likely to take advantage of the new Delaware law to exploit the public and fill his own pocketbook. Further, it is the small investor who will be hardest hit; it is not a habit to diversify investments with small means.

So far little has been said as to fraud. This law of course will not permit financiers actually fraudulent to retain the fruits of their fraud. However, the latitude it gives will make it much more difficult to prove fraud, and will make the defense of questionable conduct much more presentable, being perhaps technically sanctioned and assented to in advance by the terms of this law. And by the time we get this far, we may be sure the stable will be empty anyhow.

These views do not sound a note of wild alarm, rather one of caution. The question at issue is whether such extreme provisions as those discussed are the best way of controlling the corporation finance of the future.

In a Forthcoming Issue

The Plight of the Hinterland

by

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 230)

"The School of Wisdom"

The Recovery of Truth and Creative Understanding. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING: Harper. $5.00 per volume. Published May 15.

IN AN AGE which prides itself on a bald detachment from idealism and vague talk of eternal verities, Count Keyserling is an anachronism. His speculations in the realm of human understanding run so far afield of the current trends of thinking, that only by the strangest chance will this optimistic metaphysician leave any lasting furrow on the brain of the modern man.

Though less manifestly in the spirit of the age than any philosopher of his generation, we are, nevertheless, obliged to accept his work for the excellent antidote to instinctivism, mechanism and all of the current intellectual isms, that it is. In large part these two volumes are made up of lectures delivered by this Darmstadt Moses at the opening and closing sessions of the School of Wisdom, established by him, ten years ago.

He looks forward anxiously to the "age of a new and superior insight." The basis for his hope lies in the fact that our accumulated disbelief is pushing us on rather speedily toward an age of universal tension; a one-sidedness that must eventually break down, paradoxically enough, into all-sidedness. Simply because we are the "most percussive civilization that ever existed," writes the author, we are rapidly approaching that state of perfection which comes of the dissolution of old rhythms and the establishment of new ones.

Before this can be accomplished, Keyserling advises, we must first raise our "sense-perception" to a higher level of spirituality; we must thoroughly realize that man, in addition to being himself, is also part of an "organic *Zeitgeist*-unity." When the world-ascendant man is once created, the Jew, the Catholic, and the Protestant will no longer remain selfish entities, but they all will "in unison function as counterpoint complements" in the larger dynamic, fertile melody, which is life.

This, Count Keyserling insists, can only be enacted by "personalities," not by "institutions." It is possible only when we learn to regard every single being as "essentially unique." For that reason, the "normal man" conceived in abstract by the psychoanalysts, can only exist for psychoanalysts. Conse-

(Please Turn to Page 238)

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Vacation in CANADA

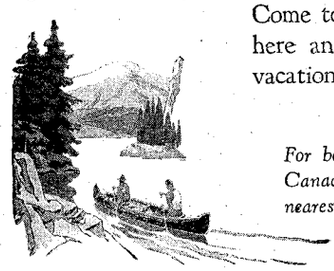
...Choose a Mountain, Forest or Seaside Resort

Enjoy the august solitudes and towering heights of the glorious Canadian Rockies this summer. See mountains crowned with eternal snow, giant glaciers, deep-rent canyons, jade-green lakes, and wild life forest sanctuaries.

Stop at Jasper Park Lodge in the heart of Jasper National Park. Here you can play golf and tennis, swim, motor, climb mountains, ride trail and in the evening dancing, music and other social diversions complete the day's enjoyment. Special Jasper Golf Week, Sept. 7th to 14th.

The forest empire of the Highlands of Ontario also offers wonderful opportunities for those who love the great outdoors; splendid fishing, canoeing and swimming. Or come to the sea-swept shores of the Maritime Provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Explore ancient Quebec, where mediaeval customs still hold sway, or choose a quiet haven among the many delightful watering places along the Lower St. Lawrence.



Come to Canada this summer—here an enjoyable, invigorating vacation awaits you.

For booklets and information on Canada's vacationlands, consult the nearest Canadian National Office.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

OFFICES

BOSTON 333 Washington St.
BUFFALO Liberty Bank Bldg. 420 Main St.
CHICAGO Willoughby Tower Bldg. 4 S. Michigan Ave. Cor. Madison
CINCINNATI Dixie Terminal Bldg. 49 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND 925 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT Statler Hotel Bldg. 1523 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH 430 W. Superior St.
KANSAS CITY 705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES 607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS 518 Second Ave. So.
NEW YORK 505 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA Burlington Arcade 1420-22 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH 505 Park Building 355 Fifth Ave.
PORTLAND, ME. Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE. Pacific Building 302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS 314 No. Broadway
ST. PAUL 83 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO 689 Market St.
SEATTLE 1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D. C. 901-15th St., N. W.

OPERATING RAILWAYS · STEAMSHIPS · HOTELS
TELEGRAPH AND EXPRESS SERVICE · RADIO STATIONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE BETTER FOR A HOLIDAY THAN

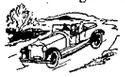
The Beckoning Land ?

A vacation in Virginia is remembered; and not only for its vistas of mountain, plain and sea—for fine hotels and sweeping roads—for wonders of nature and variety of outdoor sports.

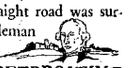
It is remembered most vividly for the wealth of incident with which more than three hundred years of thrilling history have endowed every quaint nook and charming corner of

The Old Dominion

GOLF takes on the color of adventure played over land that was once the arena for the sinister game of War.

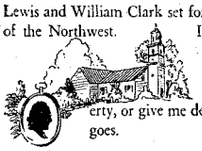


MOTORING has new meaning when you learn that the smooth, straight road was surveyed in 1749 by a young gentleman named George Washington.



SAILING & SPEEDBOATING over the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay are more thrilling sports as you say to yourself, "That headland yonder was the first glimpse of a New Land for Captain John Smith and the first English Colonist to settle permanently in America."

From the foot of these blue mountains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark set forth to the discovery of the Northwest.



In the little church yonder on that hill Patrick Henry cried, "Give me liberty, or give me death." And so it goes.

A booklet of forty pages with maps has been prepared to help you plan your trip. Maps show places of greatest interest. Trips of from one day to two weeks are outlined for you. The book is profusely illustrated. A copy will gladly be sent you FREE. Ask for your copy of

VIRGINIA "THE BECKONING LAND"

STATE COMMISSION on CONSERVATION and DEVELOPMENT

Room 131, State Office Building, - - Richmond, Virginia

SCHOOLS

THE CATLIN SCHOOL
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Intermediate, High School, Post-graduate Departments. Prepares for Eastern and Western Colleges and College Boards under able faculty of college graduates. Character, Culture, Scholarship and responsibility sincerely stressed in school life.

WESTOVER TERRACES, PORTLAND, OREGON.

EUROPEAN SCHOOLS

Switzerland

BELMONT (GENEVA)

FIRST-CLASS FINISHING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Modern languages, music, eurythmics. Winter Sports. Summer holidays in the Alps. Best references in America. **Apply to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or the Principal, Mademoiselle Aubert, 6 Clos Belmont.**

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

TO JUDGE from their latest production "A Night in Venice," the Shuberts evidently believe that a dying theatrical season can be thumped, kicked and hammered and yelled back to life by mixing the old Winter Garden formula with the recipe for the Intimate Revue, providing the resultant concoction with a tremendous number of highly spiced vaudeville flavors, and turning the whole thing loose on the unsuspecting theater-goer as a new musical show.

We are ashamed to confess it, but what stands out in our memory most is two nit-wits staring somberly and steadily at each other, while they slapped each others faces at regular intervals and with increasing violence, for about ten minutes. Strange as it may seem, this unadorned gesture produced fits of laughter in the audience the like of which we've never seen—mainly because with each successive slap, the participants, though increasingly jarred could apparently not swallow the terrific insult; and so after a moment for recovery, balance and consciousness, each offended one would proceed to slap his tormentor back.

The incident gives a very good idea of the type of slap-stick comedy which runs throughout "A Night in Venice." In fact, we would not be surprised if the Shubert Theatre became the mecca of the suit and cloak trade this summer, as well as the haven of all the bad boys from the hinterland, in New York for a big night. For the show is at times intensely funny, as well as at times unbelievably stupid; and yet has all the well known Shubert attractions of oriental color, magnificence, beautiful scenes, jazzy music, speed and nudity.

YOU KNOW perfectly well, for instance, that it matters very little whether the scene be a representation of an Italian golden platter or a day at the North Pole; the result is going to be a bevy of beautiful, nude ladies exhibited in a kaleidoscope of colors. You know that no matter how the plot starts out, it is going to end in a welter of vaudeville acts, some better than others, but all worth the headline on your local vaudeville house bill board.

Personally, while the face slapping seemed unquestionably funny, we are not particularly amused by the grosser features of cruelty. After a number of supposedly God-forsaken and half-witted actors have been kicked and punched and tackled and beaten about for an hour or so, we grow a little sick.

Yet, there is no question of the showmanship displayed in this production. Only two things are lacking—personality and charm. So far as distinctions of wit and breeding are concerned, you could put all of them displayed in "A Night in Venice" in a thimble. Except for one or two of Ann Seymour's recitative songs, the antics of the leading ladies are enough to make you despair of the female of the species. Do all Shubert leading ladies have to speak as if through empty tin cans? And is it impossible to entice real charm and personality into such gorgeous scenes as Watson Barratt produces?

From all of which you may gather that we didn't like "A Night in Venice" at all. On the contrary, we were intensely entertained by about half the show and disgusted and irritated right down to the ground by the other half. We nearly left during the first fifteen minutes, and would have, if Ted Healy had not suddenly appeared with his cheerful disdain of the audience and his immense humor. Just one scene—and of all things, that a love bird pantomine, enacted by two beautiful nude French ladies, adorned with tail feathers!—just this one thing possessed real daintiness, imagination and charm. How it got in without being thrown out, we are at a loss to understand. But definitely good it is. Follows the deluge of vaudeville acts, which include a wrestling bear, two of the best acrobats we've ever seen fall all over everything, Ted Healy's band and his famous three dumb-bells from Atlantic City, and innumerable short skits and dances staged amid scenes of prodigious magnificence.

As for the jokes, apparently there is only one joke: sex. Heinz did no better with his 57 varieties than the librettists of this show can do with this one joke—ranging all the way from Royal Purple Pajamas to songs entitled, "I Want to be Naughty but Nice." What the revue would do without it, we don't know. Which shows the utter banality of the book.

In brief, it's the kind of show that some people can hardly stand, that others enjoy moderately, and that a certain section of theater-goers slap their sides over. In addition, it is precisely the sort of thing that brings on loud outcries from ministers, and makes otherwise sensible people talk about theatrical censorship.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Eternal Love"

A PICTURE directed by Ernest Lubitsch, and featuring John Barrymore, Camilla Horn, and Victor Varconi ought to be at least passable. "Eternal Love" had all these qualifications—and those persons who thought it at least passable differ materially from this department, who thought it one of the cheesiest bits of work in years.

It's rather hard to account for the general collapse of Mr. Lubitsch's efforts on behalf of "Eternal Love." He had a pointless, artificial story to deal with and directed it appropriately. But he has had pointless and artificial stories before—and always he has managed to get into them that certain necromancy that has come to be known as "the Lubitsch touch." This time the touch was a blow, with some blunt instrument, that left the picture staggering about the arena, punch drunk and out on its feet.

Passing now from the unpleasant duty of panning Mr. Lubitsch to the equally distressing but rather more familiar one of roasting Mr. Barrymore—let us proclaim it as our belief that in "Eternal Love" he gives the worst performance he has ever messed up a screen with. He looks terrible and acts worse. We can think of only one thing Jack Barrymore can do for the movies that will adequately make up for this shabby trick on his admirers. He can make a talkie of "Hamlet."

In this projected entertainment he shall appear with his natural (and not uncelebrated) face. No effort shall be made by himself or his dresser to lift, smoothe, rejuvenate or otherwise distort the aforesaid face, and Mr. Barrymore shall not jump around in gleeful abandon or register dismay by opening his mouth a foot.

He shall on the contrary play "Hamlet" exactly as he played it on the New York stage, and if and when he does so we shall publish a retraction of this notice.

We can go on, if you wish, to tell you of the hopeless handicaps suffered by Miss Camilla Horn and Victor Varconi; of how they did their best and how little difference it seemed to make. Better, we feel it would be merely to say that if you want to know a lot of motion pictures to stay away from—"Eternal Love" is practically all of them.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

THIS ONE is from the megaphone of Charles Brabin, an expert technician, who has done right by his script, used much intelligence in planning his settings, and gotten a most brilliant performance out of that provocative young thing, Miss Lily Damita.

In commenting in these columns on Miss Damita's work with Ronald Colman in "The Rescue" we said that before passing an opinion on her ability as an all-around journeyman actress we should like to see her again.

So much had she identified herself with the part she played (said we) that we couldn't imagine her playing any other sort of rôle.

Having now seen her play a part radically different from that which was hers in "The Rescue" we are prepared to say that she is as versatile as she is beautiful—and, having said that, we have said something. She shares her honors with Ernest Torrence and Don Alvarado, both of whom are splendid, and with several others in the cast.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is silent, save for a talking prologue and an epilogue, in which the talking is capably done by Henry B. Walthall, as Father Juniper. The picture, as a whole reproduces Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize novel with commendable fidelity, and we recommend it on this count to all the four hundred and fifty-six million people who must have read the story.

To the three persons who have not read "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" we recommend the picture on the strength of Lily Damita.

We Recommend

Bulldog Drummond: Advice to young men: on no account take your girl to see RONALD COLMAN in this, his first all-taking picture. She won't be the same for weeks.

Madame X: A history-making performance by RUTH CHATTERTON, with LIONEL BARRYMORE'S enlightened direction.

The Broadway Melody: This big show has just about everything. Talking, singing, dancing, color sequences, and original music. You can hardly fail to enjoy it.

The Trial of Mary Dugan: A faithful adaptation of the famous stage play, directed by BAYARD VEILLER, the author.

Coquette: MARY PICKFORD is a speaking actress of unusual gifts and the play is excellent.

Romance of Galleon Days

awaits You in Modern Luxury

THE historic seaport of Barcelona still holds captive the vibrant spirit of delightful old Spain . . . little trips into yesterday—romance of Galleon days . . . yet modern by all measures—are the hotels—transportation facilities . . . here the joyous wayfarer pauses in his journey—charmed by Spain's interesting people—strange customs—quaint architecture . . . the towering spires and colorful palaces of the Great Barcelona Exposition beckon with Catalonian gayety—and bid you a royal welcome . . . amidst this splendor—the masters in Art—Music—Industry—Sport—have gathered their treasures for your pleasure . . . here is the world's show place . . . Barcelona, 1929.

Apply to any Tourist Bureau or write to M. Ventura, Steinway Hall, 113 West 57th Street, New York City.

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF BARCELONA

May to December

1 9 2 9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When hinges squeak, when the sewing machine runs heavily, or anything else about home or office needs oiling—3-in-One!

It's the oil supreme for all light mechanisms. Penetrates at once. Stays put. Provides perfect lubrication.

There is no reason to use ordinary oil, when 3-in-One is so easily obtainable at only a few pennies more.

Sold everywhere by grocery, drug, hardware, notion, department and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE: *Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.*

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
130 William St., New York City
N85

In Home and Business
A Rochester, N. Y., man says: "I don't believe we could keep house without 3-in-One; and in the automobile business, I find it indispensable."
(Name on request.)

Whither Bound?

Travel in foreign lands is possible for every person these days. Prices are within the reach of all. Ships are the last word in comfort.

SO, IF IT IS

SOUTH AMERICA — SPAIN
LOVELY SWITZERLAND — ITALY
HISTORIC ENGLAND — GERMANY

OR ANY OTHER FOREIGN LANDS

write us for ways and means. Itineraries, literature and all travel arrangements will be submitted free on application.

EVA R. DIXON, *Director*

OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU

NEW YORK
120 E. 16th Street

LONDON
14 Regent Street

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A WINDOW the makers claim is the first real improvement in window construction that has been made in a century, is now on the market, and seems to us, if you are building or remodeling, to be worth serious consideration. This window moves up and down in the ordinary way in its smooth aluminum track, and cannot warp or stick—but the special novelty of the window lies in the fact that by touching a spring at the top of the sash, it can be pulled inward so that it will lie flat, like the lid of a desk, and can thus be easily washed from the inside. Also, for ventilation, the lower sash can be pulled inward and locked in the proper position to permit a free flow of air without draft. It is much tighter and more stormproof than the old style window, and won't rattle or stick. Putting in new glass, too, is much easier. And finally, it does not interfere with outside screens.

IF BOOKBINDING has ever appealed to you as a hobby, a new manual of the craft, giving a great deal of practical information, has just been published. It is by William F. Matthews, one of the best of the present day English bookbinders and instructor in bookbinding in the I.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts in London. The book is published by Macmillan.

THE SPEAK-O-PHONE is a new device that makes a permanent phonograph record of your voice, and costs only fifty cents a record. If you're good at recitations, singing comic songs or simply improvising on your own vocal cords, you can let all your friends in on it without the trouble and expense of getting them together at a party by making records for them. Then, of course, they will also be able to enjoy your best stuff without the trouble and expense of inviting you. The advertisements suggest a number of uses for these records: messages to mother, sweetheart or friend; birthday wishes and wedding congratulations; trying out new pep and sales talks. In a few years, no doubt, all personal correspondence will be carried on this way. The attics of the next century will be full of piles of old records, tied up with pink ribbon—love letters, preserving the actual accents of the loved one, the veritable smack of the kisses which an earlier generation had been forced to symbolize by cold penciled rows of X's and O's at the bottom of the page. And as a supplement for the family album—when you can not only see Uncle Wesley's whiskers, but can also hear Uncle Wesley's voice issuing therefrom—what could be nicer?

IF YOU HAVE a clothes line running from a window to a post in the back yard, and have to lean out of the window to put on and take off the clothes, you ought to get one of those metal arms on a pivot which fastens to the outside of the window and can be swung inside so that all the pinning and unpinning can be done more easily and, what is much more important, without danger of falling.

THESE ELECTRIC kitchen helpers are getting more and more all-embracing in their activities. Here's one called the Kitchen Kaddie that not only whips, beats, mixes and squeezes, but also sharpens the knives.

FOR THE proper preparation of the breakfast egg, we recommend the Hankscraft Egg Cooker. It's a small arrangement which you attach to base plug or light socket.

Put in your eggs—it will hold four—turn on the juice, pour teaspoonfuls of water into the cup at the top of the cover—two teaspoonfuls for soft eggs, three for medium, five for hard. The water is heated to live steam which cooks the eggs, and when the steam stops coming out of the vent in the cover, the eggs are done. The cooking starts in five seconds. The cooker will also poach, steam, fry and scramble.

The same firm makes a baby-bottle heater which shuts off the current at the proper temperature, and keeps the milk at feeding temperature for half an hour.

A DEPARTMENT of aviation togs and luggage has been opened by Altman, where the woman who wants to be smart even when in the air can get the chicest of chic flying outfits—designed for comfort and practicability, as well as for style.

WHEN YOU go out into your garden in the dewy dawn to pick roses wherewith to brighten the living-room, why not take along a pair of rose scissors, which automatically grasp the rose stem as you cut it, and thus save your fingers from the thorns?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Matron

IN ONE of the railway stations of the country there is a woman who stares at the traveling world and makes no comment.

There was a time when she was young and new to the job of taking care of people, that she might have fallen prey to the temptation of being human. But trains came and went too quickly. Faces came to represent types rather than personalities, and in the end she learned to watch and wait and be quiet.

If she ever had a thought that was her own—taking time for it as she tidied the basins, laid out fresh towels, or mechanically unlocked store closets—it was about the man at home, certainly. Sometimes in that sudden lull between trains, she could even sit down for a few moments, putting her whole mind on the subject. What was he doing now? Was he out looking for a job? Was he wondering where to go next? Was he waiting for her to come home and tell him what to do? He might have fallen again into one of those moods. He was a failure—what was the use of looking? The world had no use for him. That was plain to be seen. And what was she to answer?

Her hand would go round and round a basin, as she wondered how to cheer him up this time. She could tell him perhaps about the queer one with the plucked eyebrows and wearing trousers like a man.

Or she could buy his favorite supper on the way home. No, she couldn't. Goodness knows—what she made wasn't enough to more'n look after one of them, let alone two. If she could only think up the right job for him, the kind he'd be willing to have. If she could get him interested sort of, and not suspicious of her letting on it had been over a year now—

She crossed the room and took a baby from the arms of a girl who had two other children tugging at her. A pretty thing she was, with eyes too bright and cheeks too red and skirts too short, trying to keep up for some man, and all she was getting for it most likely was more babies.

The baby stopped crying and stared at her. She gave it back to its bobbed-haired mother, and wondered if the lady with the jewelry had all the towels she wanted.

There was a crowd of them now, and the northbound train going out in three minutes. Most of them were pushing to get a last look in the mirrors. Some sat around smoking, drawing long breaths, as if they had been dying of thirst, and keeping one eye on the clock. Others acted as if the train would wait for them.

A minute more and all of them were gone. She had scarcely time to drop the few coins in her pocket before the next lot would be rushing in. She gathered up the soiled towels quickly, wiped the spattered washstands and with the cloth still in her hand stopped suddenly and stared.

All in a heap as careless as if they had been ashes, she had left them the jewelled lady! Blue ones, white ones, glittering like so much fire, all in a soapy huddle at anybody's mercy. Too late now. The train had pulled out of the station and was gone.

She picked the glittering things up and looked at them helpless in her hand.

For a moment she forgot the train that was due in another minute. She forgot the crowd that would soon be needing her services. She forgot the husband that waited at home without work and without money. She could only look at the sparkling loveliness that lay upon her hard rough palm, her heart filled with admiration and pity. No wonder people wanted them, the pretty things! And she was filled with sudden indignation. What if someone else had found them first?

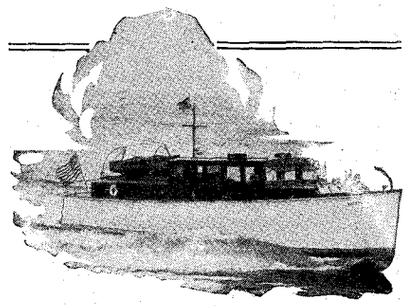
Well, thank heaven they had fallen into her hands. And for the first time she left her post to find a superior.

When she returned to the ladies' waiting room she was filled with a sudden memory. There would be plenty now to cheer him up with! She could tell him how they had looked lying there in her hand. But the crowd was getting bigger—she had forgotten to lay out those clean towels.

It was the same that night and the next. No work—and what was a man to do? He was a failure—better if he died. The world had no place for him. And when there was leisure for it in the daytime, between the trains and crowds, she tried to think it out.

It was in the middle of her fruitless thinking that she was interrupted one day by that superior official.

"Do you know," he was asking her brusquely, a strange look of excitement and respect upon his face, "Do you know how much those stones you found were worth? Going on to ten thousand dollars. And the lady says that ten per cent belongs to you. . . . "



This trim, smart, powerful 45 foot Fairform Flyer, owned by David M. Goodrich, Chairman of the Board, B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, is powered with twin 150 H. P. valve-in-head Kermaths.

Mr. Goodrich, like thousands of other discerning yachtsmen, knows that Kermath is

"Best in the Long Run"

The new Kermath catalog illustrates the wide variety of horsepower sizes and scale of attractive prices. Write for your copy today.

3 to 200 H. P. *$135 to $2300*

KERMATH MANUFACTURING CO.
5887 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Michigan
90 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario

"A KERMATH ALWAYS RUNS"

KERMATH

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or, while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

DIET BOOK Sent Free

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL School of Nursing

Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course-monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH AMERICA ho!
The FOUR PRINCES
A greater travel era keyed to the golden future of South America. Already embarking on their maiden trips, the "Northern Prince," "Eastern Prince," "Southern Prince" and "Western Prince" will soon establish regular fortnightly sailings from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. The last thought in travel safety and luxury.
Reservations and literature at authorized tourist agents or address Furness Prince Line, 34 Whitehall St., or 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
FURNESS Prince LINE
Prince Line Service has been Continuous between New York and South America for 35 years.

Is Baseball Wobbling?

(Continued from Page 210)

pendently, takes less for granted, very markedly challenges more, and is less satisfied with a conventional answer. Take his attitude toward athletics. Where his predecessor followed the crowd he does not. But do not interpret that as a mere contrary desire *not* to follow the crowd. He isn't following the crowd for the moment because he wants to work out in his own brain whether following is worth while. If he decides that it is there will be no lack of gusto in his going in for it. In any event he will have *his* fun and *his* happiness so far as he can get it, with a whole heart. . . . Feel good at their independence; it is a first rate generation.

So when the various sports issue their call, baseball will have to throw itself on the counter for critical examination; and so far it has not fared any too well in comparison with the other sports. Veterans who are interested in keeping up baseball in the colleges are so keenly aware of this that new leagues are in process of formation, because baseball in its very nature is inseparable from the league and championship idea. Without this weekly percentage column the game cannot hold up the public interest.

Managers and owners of the big leagues were not so much troubled about the crowds as they were about a reservoir from which to draw players. So artificial stimulation was decided upon. The Public Schools Athletic League has helped out, and so has the American Legion. The result is that what was once vacant-lot baseball has become, there being almost no more vacant lots, organized baseball fostered by the big brother, Organized Baseball with the capital letters. It is on record that 122,000 boys played in the American Legion tournament last year. The championship series was won by Los Angeles from Worcester, Massachusetts, and the games were played in Chicago, which is certainly kid baseball on a sufficiently national scale. This year the American Legion hopes to double the number of participants. The prize to the champion is a trip to the World Series.

One excellent authority tells me that kid baseball was never in a healthier state than now. "You don't see them in the streets any more, because they ride to a playground. The old open lots have disappeared. Parents are more prosperous. They not only can pay carfare for the youngsters, but they can provide better equipment than you and I ever had. You don't see these boys any more, but they're playing baseball just the same." There is little doubt, however, that basket-ball is the small town game of today. The town or village may or may not have a baseball team, but it is certain that it will not be without its court five.

After all, baseball served a useful purpose for many years, in providing a loyalty for a past generation that was not of the colleges and so had no natural loyalties on which to fall back. Today it still provides loyalties for the non-collegian, although I doubt if the modern rooter is as much interested in the home team as he is in individual stars of the first magnitude.

Simply—the modern sportsman plays what game he pleases. He is perhaps a greater individualist than he used to be although team play is still paramount among the colleges. Baseball, therefore, has its place, but only its place. It is today no more a national game than golf or tennis, and considerably less so than football. Make no doubt of that.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 233)

quently, if personality is to be created on a large scale, the emphasis must be shifted from the fabric of things to "eternal values." Meaning "simply does not exist on the plane of facts." "The essential thing is not information, but understanding, and understanding can only be created by personal creative application."

That we are well on our way toward this psychic consummation, Keyserling hasn't the slightest doubt. This world, says the Darmstadt sage, "*could* be the best of all possible worlds;" but, of course, we must be patient. What we need most today is "not a restoration of religion to its primeval level, but the raising of all forms of Life to the level on which religion hitherto stood alone."

Keyserling's optimism, for all its tenuous gradations of intuition, is more justifiable than Spengler's pessimism. Where he disparages the intellect his reasons are irrefutable. He does, however, decidedly overestimate the validity of the "institution," which he brandishes, too frequently, as feverishly as a Voo-Doo priest. What is most offensive is his egocentricity. In these pages there is no room for doubt as far as the author is concerned. "Personally," he says, "I am satisfied that every word of the aforesaid will sooner or later be proved to be true."

E. M. Benson.

Mass Civilization and the Individual

(Continued from Page 227)

they might throw their strength and wealth in the desired direction." I interrupted with groans at the type of leadership these opportunities had aroused. A children's crusade!

"At any rate," continued my friend, "people who think themselves free agents are rather foolish. In every department of life they are ruled by dictators—the things they buy, the amusements they patronize, the jobs they work at, the beliefs they utter."

And so wherever I wandered, I observed and committed to memory the admonitions and legends of the bill-posters. These were our art, our folklore, our mythology of the machine age. In turn, they reflect or guide the composite American mind. They compose mural decorations for our streets and roads; or in words of incandescent flame they intone at night our Gospel, our decalogue.

An official of a great advertising house gave me the key to the method:

"We believe in suggestion by *example*. We make a simple statement that contains the central idea we want to spread. Then we insert a picture showing a man or a woman smoking a cigarette or eating a cheese." This is admirable use of crowd psychology.

It is vain and sentimental to regret the past and to dream of returning to the rustic life of the Middle Ages. Better to admit that mass civilization, if it has destroyed much personal liberty,

(Please Turn to Page 240)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for June 19 issue due on or before June 7. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 .. or write
THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

Maine

Green Gables INN AND CABINS
CAPE ELIZABETH, ME.
A selected spot by the sea. Open all year. Only seven miles from Portland. Beautiful grounds, broad ocean view. Private bathing beach. Tennis, boating, canoeing, always good fishing. Golf privileges. A place for a real vacation, quiet and restful. Rooms with or without bath. Cabins accommodate two or ten persons. All are equipped with De Luxe beds, private baths, hot and cold Sebago water, electric lights, etc. Booklet. **C. T. SWETT, Mgr.**

YE LONGFELLOW INN
PORTLAND, ME.
Overlooking Casco Bay and Portland Harbor. A summer home whose charms appeal to people of culture and they return year after year.
American Plan Excellent food Garages
H. H. PEASE, Proprietor
June 1 to October 1

York Camps, Loon Lake
RANGELEY, MAINE. Individual cabins, fireplaces, baths, central dining-room, heart of mountains and lakes. Garage, tennis, golf near by, fishing, saddle horses.

COVE COTTAGE INN
SOUTHPORT, MAINE.
MODERN — HOMELIKE — RESTFUL
Ocean and Pine woods. Boating and Golf. Booklet. Moderate Rates.

MAINE Why not spend your summer in the country on the open ocean? Rates $20 a week. Apply to **MISS LOUISE SPILMAN, The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.**

BELGRADE LAKE CAMPS. Situated on an island surrounded by the best of fishing. Individual cabins with modern conveniences. Recreation room and dining room. Always cool. Booklet on request. F. E. Boomer, Prop., Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

Rock Gardens and **Cottages**
ON THE OCEAN—IN THE PINES. American plan. Homelike. Modern plumbing. Vegetable gardens. Golf, tennis, water sports. Station, Bath, Maine. June 14—October 1. Address J. W. Merritt, Sebasco Estates, Sebasco, Maine. Folder. Rates $30—$35.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Opens June 29th. Private baths. Booklet 25th season.

THE SIPPICAN HOTEL—MARION, MASS.
Overlooking beautiful Buzzards Bay, home of the Bluefish. Golf, Yachting, Bathing, Tennis, Dancing, Fishing, Billiards, etc. **Children's Playground. Open May 29 to Sept. 23.**

CAMP MORSE, LEE, MASS.
For adults. On Goose Lake. In the Berkshire Mountains. Altitude 1700 ft., cabins, boating, bathing, fishing, tennis. Booklet.

Hotel Aspinwall
LENOX, MASS.
In the Beautiful Berkshires
June 22nd to October 15th
Equipment and service that appeal to persons of refinement
GOLF, TENNIS, MOTION PICTURES, DANCING, ORCHESTRA
May we send interesting booklet?
Winter Resort:
Princess Hotel, Bermuda.

Massachusetts

BROOK BEND TAVERN
MONTEREY, MASS.
Special June rates $25 and $30 a week. Splendid place to rest and special attention given to vegetable diet.

HOTEL PILGRIM
Right on the Ocean
PLYMOUTH, MASS.
Every Summer Recreation—Perfect Golf
WRITE FOR BOOKLET!
Management of P. F. Brine
Also Operating Davis Islands Hotels, Tampa, Fla.

New Hampshire

Lake Sunapee, N. H.
Modern, well furnished cottage with bath, electric lights and garage. Easily accessible by train or motor. Private beach with safe bathing for children. No mosquitoes. $350 for season. Address **M. STEVENS, Cliff House, Ogunquit, Me.**

Doubled in Size
EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE
WHITE MOUNTAINS
Jackson, N. H.
125 Rooms, 100 Baths, Elevator
In 350-acre estate of forest and field, overlooking many mountains and beautiful Wildcat Valley. Golf, Mountain Climbing, Bathing, Horseback Riding, Trout Fishing, Tennis, Library, Billiards, Orchestra.
C. E. GALE & SON, Prop.

COLUMBIA HOTEL, BETHLEHEM, N. H.
In the Heart of the White Mountains
First-class family hotel. Splendid table. Moderate rates. **Booklet.** R. O. BUCKLER.

THE RAVINE HOUSE
In-the-White-Mountains
Randolph, New Hampshire
OPENS JUNE 15th
Trails, Recreation, Entertainment.
Food and Service Better Than Ever.
Management of MARK WHITMAN

A Charming New England Resort
Chases's-on-Lake Sunapee
In the Lake and Mountain Region

Thoroughly modern in its appointments. Golf and horseback riding nearby—boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, milk and cream from our own farms.
IDEAL FOR CHILDREN
Anna Chase, P. O. Georges Mills, N. H.

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations: famous for good food. **Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau** for rates, details, bookings.

New York

ADIRONDACKS
The Crater Club, Essex-on-Lake Champlain
Meals at Central Club House
Furnished cottages without housekeeping cares, at rentals $200 to $500 for the summer. References required. Circular on application.
JOHN B. BURNHAM, Essex, New York

Interbrook Lodge AND COTTAGES
KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.
Located on hill in spruces and pines, 1,500 ft. elevation, one mile from and 500 ft above village on trail to Mt. Marcy. Dancing, tennis, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Golf course 4 miles. Best moderate-priced hotel in mountains. Fresh vegetables. State certified Ayrshire herd. Write for booklet. B. A. TRYON & SON.

WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN CLUB
Wilmington, N. Y.
Comfortable beds, good meals, attractive surroundings. A few vacancies. Stop overnight on Adirondack Tours. K. Olive Boynton, 200 High Street, Middletown, Conn.

The Mohawk and Cottages
On the Fulton Chain of Lakes. A modern hotel with accomodations for 125. Cottages have living rooms with fireplaces, one or two baths, and from two to eight sleeping rooms. Saddle horses, boat livery, two tennis courts, two golf courses within 20 minutes, good orchestra, dancing six nights a week, unlimited objectives for hikes, rides, canoe trips, motoring or mountain climbing. 70 miles north of Utica over excellent State Roads. C. O. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

"Roads End" On Lake Sacandaga
"Where the Trails Begin"
Adirondacks
A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the campfire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N.Y.

Blue Mountain House
One of finest situations in Adirondacks. Altitude 2,055 ft., overlooking beautiful lakes. Outdoor sports. All conveniences. Excellent table. M. Tyler Merwin, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y.

Barrett's Bald Mountain House
3RD. LAKE—FULTON CHAIN.
OLD FORGE, N. Y.
In the Heart of the Central Adirondacks Season June to October. American Plan Accomodations for 150 guests. 15 minutes from two golf courses. All paved roads. Ample garage facilities. On a 12 mile navigable waterway. 100 acres of grounds. Mostly virgin forest. All amusements, sports and conveniences. For 36 years under the ownership management of **C. M. Barrett & Son.** Large illustrated booklet on request. 1730 feet above the sea.

Nova Scotia

ALBANY CROSS, NOVA SCOTIA
Rustic Camp, on lake in Highlands. Virgin forests and virgin streams (trout and salmon). Cabins, central dining room. Ideal for family party. All conveniences. Moderate rates. Details, Fred Merry.

Scotland

EDINBURGH. Mrs. Ross, 69-71 Leamington Terrace. Select boarding establishment. Central. Every home comfort. Rates, bookings, direct or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

Hotels and Resorts

Vermont

CAMP LUMOWAKI, Brattleboro, Vt. Boys from 11 to 14 years. Real pioneering program. Mountain trips. Scoutmaster counselors. Address: Elmer L. Ficks, Director, Box 31, Cambridge, Mass.

Wyoming

A GREAT VACATION
Trapper Lodge, Sixteen-Bar-One Ranch
Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyoming
In Big Horn Mountain cow country. Horseback riding, lake and stream fishing. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete mountain-top camp maintained. For reservations write W. H. WYMAN.

TUCK-A-WAY LODGE
DAYTON, WYOMING
Dude Ranch in Big Horn Mountains where game abounds: excellent fishing grounds. Hiking or horseback trails. Service. Scenery. Satisfaction. Details on request.

Washington

TACOMA HOTEL, Tacoma, Washington. Gateway to Rainier National Park. Hotel center for travelers visiting park, which is 2½ hours' drive. Write for information direct or Outlook and Independent.

New York City

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.
Rooms With Bath Evening dinner and
Single—$3—$3.50—$4 Sunday noon . $1.00
Double $5—$6—$7 Luncheon . . .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home"

Tours and Travel

Major Blake's Tours
England and Continent
Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or
199 Picadilly, London, England

Last Call for Reservations!
A few vacancies open for our conducted European trips visiting six countries.
53 Days $545 All Expenses.
Sailing from New York June 15, 29 and July 3. Write for Booklet T.
VARSITY VOYAGES
113 W. 57th St., New York. Circle 1070

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT CLASSIFIED SECTION—(Continued)

Tours and Travel

EUROPE

$308 to $1,405
Send for booklet

TEMPLE TOURS INCORPORATED

447-A Park Square Bldg.
Boston, Mass.

EUROPE 1929

Select Summer Tours $790 and up
Vacation Tours . . $340 and up

EGYPT—PALESTINE
Spring Tour Mar. 16th
Special Summer Tour $865
All Expenses—Small Parties
Superior Service—Cultured Leaders
MOTOR TOURS—INDEPENDENT TRAVEL
Steamship Tickets—All Lines
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 8781

Real Estate

Connecticut

FOR RENT—Small, secluded camp at edge of woods, ideal for artists or professional people who desire a quiet, restful place. Rates reasonable. Write Mrs. William Sheridan, R. F. D. 2, New Milford, Conn.

Maine

500 CAPE COD, Sunapee, Winnipesaukee, Maine Coast Cottages. Sell or rent farms. The Chapin Agency. Catalogs.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE
6-ROOM COTTAGE for rent. Fully furnished. Glassed-in sun porch. Close to ocean and mountains. Garage. All conveniences. 10-minute drive from town. $350 for season. Address Mrs. Anne MacDonald, Ocean Drive, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Penobscot River—Atlantic Highway
FURNISHED HOME—7-12 rooms; bath; open fires; electric lights; piano; porches. Sunny, airy, high. Rent $150—$200 for season. Exceptional cooking available. References exchanged.
ELIZABETH FERNALD, Winterport, Maine.

A FINE HOME FOR SALE OR RENT
Twelve room house and garage. All modern conveniences, ⅞ acre land, apple trees, plum trees, gooseberry bushes, asparagus and large garden. Furnished for season, $400. Address Wm. H. Clark, Box 102, Castine, Maine.

Real Estate

Massachusetts

NANTUCKET, MASS. Furnished Cottage, Ocean frontage. Six rooms. $300 Season. R. E. Farrier, 107 No. Van Dien Ave., Ridgewood, N. J.

TO RENT for Summer—Pittsfield. Furnished apartment on choice central residential street. 4 rooms with bath and kitchenette. Frigidaire. Private porch. Right terms to right party. 455 Outlook and Independent.

New York

TO RENT: Modern School building erected 1916, in fashionable section. Facilities: 12 large classrooms, auditorium for 500 with equipped stage; gymnasium, shower and locker rooms; kitchen facilities, library; game room, offices, fully equipped as up-to-date school. Located in East Eighties, convenient transportation; to rent for use as school up to 3:30 daily. Apply Box 461 Outlook and Independent.

New Hampshire

For Rent or Sale

The LEDGES A summer home on top of the world. Modern house, 10 rooms, all conveniences. Accessible. In lake country of New Hampshire, (100 miles from Boston.) offering a panorama of 90 miles of mountains and lakes. **ALSO SMALLER COTTAGE,** 5 rooms. Same location. Same luxuriously comfortable conveniences. A rare opportunity. Photographs, details on request. Box 275. Outlook and Independent.

MERIDEN, N. H.—For rent. Summer home of John D. Bryant, Esq., of Boston. 11 rooms, 2 baths and maids' quarters. Hill-top location. Beautiful view. Altitude 11,000 feet. Also farm house and village tenement. Terms on application to J. F. Cann, Meriden, N. H.

Pennsylvania

EAGLES MERE PARK, Pa. Desirable furnished cottages with modern conveniences, situated in Park near Bathing Beach. Write The Forest Inn.

Vermont

"JUST-A-MERE" COTTAGE
Appeals to nature lovers. On beautiful Harvey Lake. Stone fireplace, electric lights, running water, flush toilet, screened. Safe bathing beach, fishing, boat, garage. July or August, $60 per month; July and August, $110. June and September, weekly or monthly much less. Rev. F. H. Laird. West Barnet, Vt.

Stationery

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

Help Wanted

STEAMSHIP POSITIONS—Men—Women. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. Box 122-X, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Situations Wanted

NURSE—Graduate, desires care chronic or semi-invalid in home of refinement. Can travel, or live city, country, seashore. Excellent references. Disengaged late June. Interview now. 9104 Outlook and Independent.

BROWN University senior graduating in June desires position for Summer. F. Chas. Hanson, Hope College, B. U., Providence, R. I.

COLLEGE graduate desires position as house mother in school or college, next fall. Experienced with young people and in home management. 9107 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED. Governess or nursery governess position, proximity of Springfield, Massachusetts. Ten years experience, references, country preferred. Edith Garbutt, 42 Newhall Street, Springfield, Mass.

HIGH SCHOOL teacher desires summer work. Excellent reader. Typist. 9111 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED lady of 35 desires position as governess to small children. Good references. M. Dennis, 42 Church Street, Waterbury, Conn.

GOVERNESS, housekeeper, capable, experienced, homeloving woman. 9114 Outlook and Independent.

GIRL DESIRES home. Will act as governess, tutor or secretary in return for cultured home. University graduate. High School instructor. Loves children. Good references. 9115 Outlook and Independent.

ENGLISHWOMAN, cultured, capable, able to drive car, nursing, experienced, widely traveled, desires position. 9116 Outlook and Independent.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

How to Entertain

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical reading, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash. Dept. 74, Chicago.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Be Masterful

Overcome YOUR daily obstacles. Why struggle along, merely existing? The practical, modern teachings of the ROSICRUCIANS are uplifting, containing metaphysical principles showing you how to attain MASTERSHIP of YOURSELF. The free book, "LIGHT OF EGYPT," will be sent to you without obligation. It is your chance to learn to really live.
LIBRARIAN P. O. U.
Amore Library San Jose, Calif.

Board

INVALIDS and chronic cases given medical care in private home. Rates reasonable. Randalls, 97 Dearborn, Manchester, N. H.

CONVALESCENT will find good care and pleasant, restful living conditions in the summer home of a trained nurse. For particulars write Alice A. Browne, Monhegan Island, Maine.

COTTAGE SILVERVIEW, Hague, N. Y., on Lake George. Board 5 adults. Conveniences. Vegetables. Pine woods. Fishing. Mountains. $2.50 per day. Reserve now. 9108 Outlook and Independent.

Use Our Classified Columns

Rates and full details for advertising in our Classified Columns sent on request.

EVA R. DIXON
OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU
120 East 16th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Mass Civilization and the Individual

(Continued from Page 238)

has at least made most men free from hunger. It is possible even to imagine a very happy and well-rounded life for great numbers of people under modern conditions, with new enjoyments, sports and diversions—provided that all the splendid machinery is directed from above, in the interest of the human being, rather than in those of a little tobacco and soap.

In the meantime, despite prosperity, there is an outcast and disinherited class of men in America: I should call them the thinking classes, composed of types who are not engaged in perfecting mechanical toys, in painting pictures of automobiles, or writing litanies on canned soup. For the time being, it is not easy to conceive of Faradays and Einsteins, on the one hand, or of Miltons and Goethes, on the other, emerging from their midst. The atmosphere of high pressure and quick turnover is scarcely encouraging to the type of pure scientist or universally-minded poet who has generally furnished true leadership for the race. Original, creative thought is a merchandise which habitually brings only the slowest returns and takes the longest risks. It is significant that our scientists are generally mechanical geniuses who exploit the pathfinding Newtons of the old world. And again, our writers are of a limited scope; the younger ones bitter with defeat and prone to flee the country.

Yet if our "intellectuals" often seem unpatriotic it is also possible from another point of view to consider unpatriotic those men who deprive the masses of beer, or coerce them into eating too much bran and buying more automobiles than they can afford.

One thinks, perhaps with a certain romanticism, that the magnificent machinery of modern times is susceptible to brilliant use. I have often hoped that those great organs for spreading ideas and arousing millions of minds, now used only by the most venal element to sell standard products, will some day fall into the possession of disinterested men. Here, for instance, in the press, the radio, the movies, all the new mediums of world-wide correspondence, are great instruments for genius to play upon; opportunities for artists of a heroic mold to communicate with and to lead the blind multitudes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED